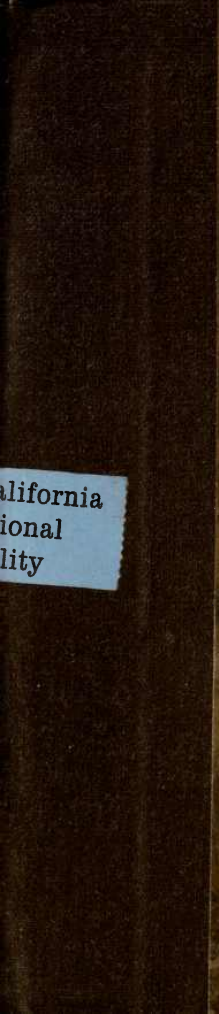
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POEMS,

LYRIC AND PASTORAL.

VOL. II.

POEMS,

LYRIC AND PASTORAL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

By EDWARD WILLIAMS,
Bardd wrth Fraint a Defod Beirdd Ynys Prydain.

VOL. II.

Noddais i 'mryd yn addwyn
Er yn fâb yr Awen fwyn,
I'n iâs îr ei naws eirian
Fy mŷd i gyd oedd y Gân;
I'mhoen fyth! am hynn o fai
Un o'm Ceraint ni'm carai.

IOLO MORGANWG.

Quod ſi me Lyricis vatibus inſeres
Sublimi feriam ſydera vertice.

HOR.

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CONTENTS.

The POEMS are in Roman Characters; the NOTES in Italics.

	Page
1. ODE to the Britiſh Muſe —	1
Welſh Bards never wrote fabulous Poetry	2
Trojan origin of the Britons not alluded to by TALIESIN, *or any other Welſh Bard*	2, 43
Bards, Heralds of Peace —	3
Cymmry (Cimbri), etymology of the word	7
Bardic Inſtitution originated in Britain	9
2. Ode from the Welſh —	11
Aneurin, an Ancient Bard, account of	12
Monaſteries of Iltutus and Cadocus	11
Cattraeth, battle of ——	16
3. The Thunder Storm, from Dafydd ab Gwilym	20
4. Stanzas written in Sickneſs —	23
5. Paſtoral, on the Deſtruction of a favourite Thicket — —	27
6. Colin's Return, a Paſtoral —	31
7. Eſcape from London —	35
Extract from the Bardic Triades	36
Hottentotic Arts ——	37
Immoralities of overgrown cities	38
Bardic circles ——	39
Britain, ancient names of —	41
Britain, etymology of —	42
Quakers alluded to —	43

789585

Page

8. Fortitude — — 46
9. Addreſs to the WELSH by an emigrant 49
Intolerant laws, injuſtice of — 50
Prieſtcraft — — 55
Battle of St. Fagans — 56
Madoc's diſcovery of America 64
Welſh Indians — — 67
10. Song, from the Welſh — 70
Congreſs of Bards at Bewper Caſtle 70
11. Vernal Ode — — 74
Caractacus, a Silurian Prince 78
12. Song, for Journeymen Maſons — 80
13. Inſcription in a Welſh Bard's Garden 85
14. Paſtoral, in the Welſh manner 86
15. Song, for the Society of Ancient Britons 91
Cimbri, antiquity of the name 92
16. Sonnet, to the Memory of my Mother 97
17. Rural Felicity, a Paſtoral — 98
Ruſtic Philoſophy — 101
18. Sonnet, to a Haycock —— 104
19. Ode to Solitude — 105
Faſhion, vulgarity of — 136
Bardic idea of Heaven — 107
20. Paſtoral Song — — 115
21. Similes of Human Life — 118
22. Sonnet — — 121
23. Epitaph on a Cockney — 122
24. Epigram, the Hell-born — 123

25. Ho-

Page

25. Holiday Prize, a Paſtoral — 124
26. Epigram, from Boccace — 130
27. God ſave the King — — 132
War ſong of Britiſh ſavages noticed 132
Note Advertiſemental—Poor ſong's fate 135
28. Horrors of War, a Paſtoral — 136
Chriſtianity, its intention fruſtrated by Kingcraft — — 143
29. Prudence, an Epigram — 145
Welſh Epigram, its character — 145
30. Sonnet, Paraphraſe on the Title-page motto 146
31. Paſtoral, in the Welſh manner — 147
Welſh poetical taſte indigenous — 147
32. Sonnet on Sonnet Writing, in the Welſh manner — — 151
33. Epigram, from a Welſh Proverb 152
34. Sonnet, at Cheddar Cliffs — 153
35. Joys of Rural Life, a Paſtoral — 154
On Welſh verſification — 154
36. Ode, on converting a Sword into a Pruning-hook — — 160
Bardiſm and Bardic Meetings — 160
On the renovated ſtate of Humanity 162
God-wheedling Parſons — 163
War-chariots and Churchill — 165
Opinion given of a Scripture Prophecy 167
37. Song, to a young Woman whoſe Lover was preſſed into the Navy Service 169

Page

38. Rural Courtſhip, a Paſtoral — 174
39. The Dream, a Sonnet — 176
40. A Dirge, on the Death of a Sadducee 177
41. Triades, from the Welſh — 181
42. Paſtoral, in the Welſh manner — 182
43. Sonnet, to Hope, on an Intention of emigrating to America — 186
44. Ode to a Shepherd, inſcribed to the Glamorgan Agriculture Society 187
45. Ode on the Mythology of the Ancient Britiſh Bards, with *Advertiſemental Obſervations, and Aphoriſms of Druidic Theology* — — 193
46. An Account of the Welſh Bardic Triades, with Extracts from them — 217
47. Inſtitutional Triades — 227
48. Theological Triades — 233
49. Ethical Triades — — 248
50. Paul's Triades — — 251
51. Poetical Triades — — 255

POEMS,

POEMS.

ODE TO THE BRITISH MUSE.

I.

MUSE of Britannia's favour'd land,
Still blooming in immortal youth,
O! let me join thy glorious band,
Thou guardian of celeſtial truth*:
Enthron'd

* *Thou guardian of celeſtial truth.*] Truth was held ſo ſacred by the ancient Britiſh Bards and Druids, that they would never admit into their poetical compoſitions any thing whatever of a

Enthron'd, amid the ſource of light,
In Wiſdom's robe divinely bright,
Unveil to me thy peerleſs charms;
Whilſt, WALIA's rural ſhades along,
The native grandeur of thy ſong
My ſoul intenſely warms.

2. I ſing

fictious nature; their fundamental maxim was to ſearch for truth, and to adhere to it, with the moſt rigid ſeverity: hence in all the genuine works that are extant of our ancient Welſh Bards, from MEUGANT, about the cloſe of the fourth century, to the preſent time, we meet not with a ſingle poem founded on fiction; and, ſingular as it may appear, contrary to the practice of all other nations, the moſt authentic hiſtories of the *Welſh* are in *verſe*, and all their *fabulous* writings in *proſe*. Some have aſſerted, in their vindications of that grand *Romancer* GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH, that the *Trojan* origin of the *Welſh* is mentioned by TALIESIN; but this is one of the moſt glaring falſhoods that was ever uttered; for I defy all the world to produce, from the poems of that noble Bard, or of any other whatever, of acknowledged authenticity, one ſingle word alluding in the leaſt to any ſuch event: none of the Bards cotemporary with *Geoffrey*, or of any age prior to him, make the leaſt mention of any ſuch thing: but *truth*, in general, is made to give way to blind

national

2.

I ſing thy BARDS of high renown,
A tuneful race, of deathleſs fame;
BARDS that thy BRITAIN call'd her own,
They felt thy bright refining flame:
They taught thy laws angelic peace *;
Could bid vile Diſcord's fury ceaſe;

To

national vanity by moſt of our *Welſh hiſtorians*, who have, by theſe unwarrantable aſſertions, brought the authenticity of our old poetical manuſcripts under ſome ſuſpicion, by charging TALIESIN, and others, with GEOFFREY'S glaring lies.

* *They taught thy laws angelic peace.*] The *Bard* was peculiarly the *Herald of Peace*: it was not lawful for him to bear arms, nor for any one whatever to bear a naked weapon in his preſence. He, clad in his uni-coloured robe, emblematic of truth and peace, preſented himſelf between the two armies juſt on the point of engaging, and all inſtantly laid down their arms, giving thus the *Peace-maker* an opportunity, which was often ſucceſsful, of reconciling the contending parties, and removing all their animoſities: the Bards appearance, in this official robe and character, operated in the ſame manner as the modern *flag of truce*: we are told, however, by *Diodorus Siculus*, lib. v. that this was effected by, I know not what, *wonderful powers of en-*

To light expos'd her horrid form;
When fell Contention tore the land,
They ſtrove, with Heav'n, a virtuous band,
To ſtill the raging ſtorm.

3.

Charm'd Fancy dwells on days of old,
When raptur'd ALAWN * tun'd his lay;
His varied note, hi numbers bold,
Gave glowing thought its rich array;
And GORON *, with unrivall'd voice,
Could bid a wond'ring world rejoice,
Could ſweetly ſoothe each feeling heart;
He poliſh'd high the *Bardic Muſe*,
And blended with her glaring hues
The ſoft'ning tints of *Art*.

chanting ſong: and this romantic fable has been pretty well hackneyed by many modern writers who have *favoured*, or rather *peſtered*, the world with their *very curious* Hiſtories of the old WELSH BARDS.

* *Alawn*, *Goron*, and *Rhuawn*, are amongſt the moſt ancient Bards of whom we have any knowledge.

4. Though

4.

Though countleſs years have roll'd away
Since RHUAWN tam'd a lawleſs throng * ;
Yet RHUAWN's fame feels no decay,
But lives in CAMBRIA's daily ſong :
He liv'd when Nature's rural reign,
With Freedom bleſs'd the Britiſh ſwain,
Unfetter'd as the morning gale ;
For her he ſang, th' inchanting ſound
Bade Echo charm her hills around,
And ring through ev'ry vale.

5.

Raiſe now the ſong to MEUGANT's fame † ;
He ſtrongly nerv'd the *Walian* tongue,
His

* *Rhuawn tamed a lawleſs throng.*] The original intention of the bardic inſtitution was to promote civilization. The primitive meaning of the word BARDD is *Prieſt* ; PRYDYDD is the moſt common Welſh word for *Poet* ; the literal ſenſe of which, as near as it can be rendered, is, embelliſher, regulator, reformer, or poliſher.

† *Meugant* lived about the cloſe of the fourth century, and

His muſe purſu'd her nobleſt aim,
Of glorious deeds divinely ſung;
His note the thrilling boſom warms,
For Nature, deck'd in all her charms,
Shines radiant through the lay ſublime;
Sweet, MEUGANT, are thy manly ſtrains!
And bold Simplicity retains
Her beauties in thy rhyme.

was preceptor to the celebrated *Merlin*, according to EDMUND PRYS, one of our ableſt Welſh antiquaries, who, in the time of Queen *Elizabeth*, was Archdeacon of *Merioneth*. There are ſtill extant ſome poems of *Meugant*, as well as of his diſciple *Merlin*; and from thoſe pieces we clearly perceive, that they were neither *prophets* nor *conjurors*, though ſaid to have been ſuch by ſome that were certainly no *great* conjurors themſelves: they were honeſt *Welſh Bards*, who recorded in verſe the occurrences of their own times, never troubling themſelves with futurity; but they ſuffer a little from counterfeiting, interpolating, and other vile ſcribblers. Dear P—k—t—n, thou *Jack Ketch* of the literary community, pray tuck up theſe *idle raſcals*, or flog them with ſevereſt laſh at thy cart's tail; attempt not, however, like thy nameſake at Tyburn, for the ſordid ſake of gain, to catch all indiſcriminately in thy nooſe: do not approach our venerable *Bards* till thou art able to converſe with them in their own language.

6. Thou,

6.

Thou, ſkill'd in deep Druidic lore,
TALIESIN *, through the world renown'd,
Thy verſe embalms the ſacred ſtore
Of bardic myſteries profound:
Well-taught by thee, the *Cimbric* † ſong
In ſound majeſtic rolls along,

Tunes

* *Talieſin,*] called the Prince of the Bards, lived in the fifth century. He profeſſes himſelf a *Druid*; and, in many of his poems, gives an ample diſplay of the doctrines of the *metempſychoſis*, and of many other *druidical* opinions. He very much enriched the Welſh poetry by introducing into it the Roman verſification, the hexameter, pentameter, ſaphic, and other metres, till then ſtrangers to the *Welſh language.*—Theſe have been ever ſince retained by the *Cambrian Bards*; and are, I believe, unknown to every other *modern tongue.* O! for another *Talieſin* to teach the *ſublime Engliſh Muſe* thoſe truly muſical and majeſtic numbers! Surely this may be done!

† *Cimbric.*] The Welſh have always called themſelves *Cymry*; the ſtrictly literal meaning of the word is *Aborigines*; they are the *Cimbri*, or *Cimmeri*, of the ancients, and have been diſtinguiſhed by this appellation in all ages, and in all countries wherever they have at different times appeared, from *Aſia Minor* to

Tunes high the bold *Virgilian* ſtrain:
Thou darling of immortal fame,
Ador'd for ever lives thy name
On BRITAIN's verdant plain.

7.

Such, BRITAIN, of thy nobleſt race,
Were thy fam'd BARDS in days of yore *;
They

Britain, as if they conſidered themſelves the Aborigines of the world; their language they call *Cymraeg*, that is, *aboriginal*, or *primitive language*; for the word cannot poſſibly admit of any other meaning; there is ſomething very remarkable in this; but on it we cannot venture to found any conjecture; in this age of the world it is too late; for time has long ago thrown into deep oblivion the origin of every nation and language. The Welſh, however, in this their national appellation, derived from the remoteſt antiquity, may find pretenſions, of ſome plauſibility, to a far nobler origin than that of being the deſcendants of a gang of *ſcoundrels* who came from *Troy* to *Britain*, through many countries, on a *plundering* expedition. Some derive *Cymry*, or *Cimbri*, from the Patriarch GOMER, a wild conjecture—a groundleſs etymology;—let them ſtudy the *Cimbric* language.

* *Thy famed Bards.*] The *Bardic*, or, which is the ſame thing,

They dar'd the paths of Nature trace;
They dug for Wiſdom's richeſt ore.
O! Britiſh Muſe! return again,
Aſſume, once more, thy glorious reign,
Chace turgid Folly * far away;
So ſhall our ſhores with tranſport ring,
And hear another SHAKESPEAR ſing
Thy ſoul-commanding lay.

thing, the *Druidic*, inſtitution, originated in Britain, according to Julius Cæſar, the ancient Welſh writers, and the traditions retained ſtill by the Bards; it is not yet extinct, for we have in Wales a ſmall number ſtill remaining, in an uninterrupted ſucceſſion from the ancient Britiſh Bards and Druids. A Welſh Bard of the preſent age retains the ancient title of *Bardd wrth Fraint a Defod Beirdd Ynys Prydain*; in Engliſh, *Bard according to the Rights and Inſtitutes of the Bards of the Iſland of Britain*. The Druidic theology alſo ſtill remains in Wales, where it was never entirely aboliſhed: yet Druidiſm has been ſought for every where but in *Wales*, and the *Welſh language*, where it is only to be found.

* *Turgid folly.*] See the Grub-ſtreet Album, &c. &c. Bombaſtic ſtuff, nick-named poetry.

8.

Exulting Genius, nobly warm,
Shall mount once more on Rapture's wing,
Again, with ſtrain ſeraphic charm,
From Heav'n again thy MILTON bring:
Thy golden lyre with ſpeed reſume,
For he that wears the WALIAN PLUME,
BRITANNIA'S HOPE, will hear thy voice;
And thou ſhalt ſing the glorious day,
When Peace, beneath his lenient ſway,
Shall bid the world rejoice.

ODE;

Imitated from the Gododin of Aneurin, an ancient Britiſh Bard, who wrote about the Year 550.*

I.

WAR'S ireful havoc roll'd along,
Its fury blaz'd with rapid flame;
She led the death-denouncing throng,
Daughter of *Eudaf*, glorious name:

Her

* ANEURIN was called *Mydëyrn Beirdd*, i. e. Monarch of the Bards. He was brother to the celebrated GILDAS, author of the epiſtle, *De Excidio Britanniæ*. His *Gododin* is a noble poem; the firſt for poetical ſublimity in the *Welſh* language; it is equally diſtinguiſhed for the fine pathos of numberleſs paſſages, and is of conſiderable length; the ſubject of it is the battle of CATTRAETH, fought by the *Britons* under MYNYDDAWC EIDDIN againſt the *Saxons*. *Gildas* was, like his brother *Aneurin*, a Bard;

Her breaſt, more white than driven ſnow,
Feels, rending deep, the deathful blow;
Aim'd well the *Saxon* flung his dart:
Her faithful heroes weep around,
View BRADWEN, breathleſs, on the ground!
See the laſt blood ſtream from her heart!
We madden'd at the rage-inſpiring fight;
Her eyes untimely clos'd in Death's eternal night.

and there are ſome fragments of his works ſtill extant: There were two more of their brothers who were Bards; their names CEIAN and AVAN; and, in a manuſcript in my poſſeſſion, their brothers and ſiſters, to the number of twenty-four in the whole, ſons and daughters of CAW o BRYDYN, are ſaid to have been *Bards*; and, what is more wonderful, *Attend, ye modern Bards!* they were SAINTS:—ſo *Monks* were called, in thoſe times, in WALES. This CAW o BRYDYN was a petty prince of the OTTADINI, in *North Britain*; and having been driven out of his territories by the *Saxons*, he retreated into WALES with his ſons and daughters, who thereupon entered on a monaſtic life; *Gildas* and *Aneurin* were of the monaſtery of ST. ILLUTUS; and ſo, probably, were the others; or of the neighbouring monaſtery of ST. CADOC, in LLANCARVAN *(Carbani vallis)*, it would be natural for them to keep together as much as poſſible.

2. Fair

2.

Fair leader of th' embattled hoſt,
Of BRITAIN's high-born ſoul poſſeſs'd,
In Youth's high-bloom for ever loſt,
We drench with tears thy lovely breaſt:
Now, ſtamping wild, we tear the ground,
Bid kindled Anger's trump reſound,
And meditate th' avenging blow;
Burns in the ſoul reſentment's fire,
We ruminate reſiſtleſs ire,
And hurl its horrors on thy foe:
Soon ſhall the piercing ſteel, th' unerring dart,
In ſearch of ſweet revenge explore that *Saxon's* heart.

3.

True, BRADWEN, to thy deathleſs name,
We chace thy foes with wrath profound;
Fierce as the deſolating flame,
When heather'd * mountains blaze around.

* *Heather*, in ſome parts of Wales, and in the North of England, is the ſame as heath or ling.

Struck

Struck with Diſtraction's wild amaze,
We on thy blood-ſtained beauty gaze,
Whilſt thy great ſoul aſcends the ſky;
We whet the blade, we graſp the lance;
Bid War's indignant rage advance;
Thy death demands, their thouſands die:
They fall, they load th' obſtructed fields of war,
And Vengeance, true to thee, mounts her triumphant car.

4.

O! BRADWEN! 'twas a woful day,
We gave thee to the trophied urn,
Whilſt to ſupernal realms of day,
Bright myriads hail'd thy bleſt return:
Long ſhall the glories of thy name
Stand foremoſt on the rolls of Fame,
The Bard's high ſong for ever grace;
'Twas *this* reliev'd each aching breaſt!
We, with the ſoothing thought impreſt,
Kiſs'd thy dead lips, our laſt embrace:

Till

Till time expires, through diſtant ages far,
Thy tale ſhall rouſe to life th' avenging ſoul of War.

5.

Again return illumin'd ſkies,
Your taſk, ye Sons of Death, reſume!
Britons! dead BRADWEN calls! ariſe,
Revenge! revenge! her hapleſs doom!
With potent mead high fill the horn!
Bid ſongs of death hail up the morn!
Loud raiſe the warrior's ancient lay *!
'Tis noon—proclaim the dire event!
How through fierce ranks on carnage bent,
Stern Havoc tore his rapid way;

* *The warrior's ancient lay.*] The *ancient Britons* had their *war-ſongs*, and a variety of them, adapted to various occaſions; of theſe we have many ſtill extant in manuſcript: they are, for the moſt part, in *triplets*, which kind of verſe is called *triban milwr*, i. e. the *warrior's triplet*.

The Saxons fall, we view their mingled blood
Stream down the rugged brink, and ſwell the crimſon'd flood.

6.

From toils of death we ſought repoſe,
Sleep chain'd us to th' unfeeling dead;
Till, wrapp'd in gloom, chill morn aroſe,
And rous'd us from the gory bed;
O'er *Cattraeth's* * field we wander far;
Trace, anxious trace, the track of war;
Shroud in cold earth our honour'd ſlain;
Loſt in th' aſtoniſhment of life,
We view the dreadful ſcene of ſtrife,
The ſlaughter'd legions heap the plain.
Terrific Monarch of the dreadful place,
Exulting Horror ſhews his heart-benumbing face.

* *Cattraeth,*] probably *Caturactonium*, in *Yorkſhire*; for the battle was fought near the river *Derwenydd*, or *Derwent*.

7.

One peaceful Sun again appears,
No battle treads the mangled ground;
Afar no weeping mother hears
Of claſhing ſteel the dreadful ſound.
Yon aged Sire!—his wiſhes burn,
Hoping to ſee, with joy, return
A darling ſon: but hopes are vain;—
Far, far, he lies depriv'd of breath;
Trod by th' exulting heel of death,
That ſtalks a giant o'er the plain:—
Abhorring Nature, ſtruck with wild affright,
Flies from the reeking field, and ſhudders at the ſight.

8.

At *Madoc's* tent the clarion ſounds,
With rending clangor hurried far;
From echoing dells each note rebounds,
But when return the Sons of War?

Thou,

Thou, ſprung from dire neceſſity,
Dumb Peace, the deſart yields to thee;
Owns now thy melancholy ſway;
Loud ſounds the trump, and loud again,—
What trump can rouſe th' unheeding ſlain?—
What call awake the breathleſs clay?—
One, only *one*, hears the continued blaſt,
And, bleeding, crawls along the ſlaughter-mantled waſte.

9.

One tent contains our living few,
Each in fierce conflict ſadly torn;
Uncheer'd we taſte, with anguiſh view,
Sad Victory's repleniſh'd horn;
See traverſing the track of death,
With wilder'd look, with panting breath,
New throngs poſſeſs'd of wretched life;
What doleful moans! what piteous cries!
Of wailing mothers rend the ſkies,
Of orphan'd babe, and widow'd wife;

They

They tear their locks, and view the trampled hoſt,
Where died their only joys, where all their hopes
are loſt.

10.

Struck dumb with grief, yon beauteous fair,
Beſide her clay-cold lover weeps;
Sweet maid! thy ſighs are ſpent in air,
On Death's eternal bed he ſleeps.
He wakes no more to bleſs thy charms,
To glad thy ſoul with circling arms,
With love in raptur'd looks confeſs'd:
O! turn away thy woful eyes,
They drench in vain the cheek that lies
Unconſcious on thy lovely breaſt,
Thy Bard's pierc'd heart ſore feels thy rankling grief,
Can mingle tears with thine, but what can yield
relief?

THE THUNDER STORM.

From the Welſh of DAFYDD AB GWILYM *.

1.

ONE day to the grove with my MORVID I walk'd,
We feaſted on kiſſes and tenderly talk'd;
The Cuckoo ſang chearful, ſweet warbled the Thruſh,
Whilſt with my dear nymph I ſat under the buſh,
Though long for the fair one I, joyleſs, had mourn'd,
Yet her looks *now* confeſs'd my warm paſſion return'd;
I ſang of her charms, and, rewarding my lay,
She wreath'd for my brows the green trophies of May.

* See vol. I. pp. 74, 192.

2. Alas!

2.

Alas! whilſt theſe amorous moments of joy,
With ſweeteſt exceſs, did our feelings employ,
A loud clap of thunder, with terrible ſound,
Affrighted the vales and the mountains around;
The rain, in a deluge, came down from the ſkies;
The lightning's rude gleam fiercely flaſh'd on our eyes.
How trembled my charmer! and, wild with diſmay,
She left the green wood, and ran, frighten'd, away.

3.

Thou fierce fi'ry Dragon, thus roaring aloud,
With rumble tremendous aloft in the cloud;
Like a Bull in wild anger aſſailing the rocks,
And ſtriking proud mountains with terrible ſhocks;
At thy trump's mighty clangor mad elements jar,
And, full of thy furies, quick ruſh to the war;
Thy wild hiſſing flames with huge waters contend;
My MORVID, alas! thought the world at an end.

4. Struck

4.

Struck dumb with deep terror ſhe hurry'd her pace,
Like thy lightning ſhe flew from her lover's em-
brace;
I curs'd thy ſtern grumble with anger profound,
When drumm'd through the welkin thy bugbears
around.
I thought, for one ev'ning, to fly from all care,
To this blooming arbour with MORVID my fair;
Now pour, in full torrents, thy wrath on my head,
For, ſcared by thy rattle, my charmer is fled.

STANZAS,

STANZAS,

Written when dangerouſly afflicted with a Conſtitutional Diſorder in the Year 1777.

1.

GENTLE breeze of early dawn,
Breathing od'rous o'er the vale,
Let me walk thy dewy lawn,
And thy fragrant balm inhale;
Here, a ſtranger to my breaſt,
Health reſides, but ſhuns my ſight;
And, in vain, a moment's reſt
Have I ſought, whilſt anguiſh preſs'd,
Through the ſleepleſs length of night.

2. Yet,

2.

Yet, like yonder jocund clown,
Hymn'd I once the vernal morn;
Pluck'd the cowſlip newly blown,
Ey'd with joy the bloomy thorn:
When for me will ſportive May,
Clad in ſmiles, return again?
When, reſponſive to *my* lay,
Will yon Blackbird mount the ſpray,
Warbling ſweet his mellow ſtrain?

3.

Fell diſeaſes tear my heart,
And the ſpark of life conſume;
Whilſt I feel th' unceaſing ſmart,
Spring diſplays in vain its bloom.
Breathing hard I walk along,
Often gaſping on the ground:
Muſe, I cheerleſs hear thy ſong,
Whilſt, for thee, the plumy throng,
Fills the choral groves around.

4.

Pain, thou foe to balmy reſt,
Parent of unceaſing ſighs,
Neſtling in my tortur'd breaſt,
Thou ſhalt teach me to be wiſe.
Joyleſs are thy mournful days;
Yet, whilſt on thy couch confin'd,
Clearing Truth's obſtructed ways,
Thou canſt bid her heav'nly rays,
Beam effulgent on the mind.

5.

This weak frame how ſorely rent
By thy fever's ebbleſs * tide;
Yet I feel, with calm content,
Ancle ſwell'd and aching ſide.

* *Ebbleſs,*] not an improper epithet, I conceive, of a *hectic fever*, whoſe duration is of all others the moſt tedious.

Whilſt thy cough employs my night,
Robs me ſtill of downy ſleep,
Heav'n, in all its beauty bright,
Opens to my joyful ſight,
Bids theſe eyes no longer weep.

6.

Harraſs'd by the ſons of Strife,
Struck by baleful Envy's dart,
Little have I known through life
Of thoſe joys that fill the heart.
Worthleſs Life, adieu to thee,
Grief and pain will ſhortly ceaſe;
Through the gates of Death I ſee
Realms benign, and thoſe for me;
Manſions of eternal peace!

ON THE DESTRUCTION OF A FAVOURITE THICKET.

A PASTORAL.

In the Welſh Manner.

1.

SHE promis'd, my Phillis, the beauteous and good,
To meet me this morning amid the green wood,
Within the ſweet arbour, where often alone,
I ſang of her charms in ſoft amorous tone;
Where, courting bright Fancy with penſive delight,
I, of ſilence enamour'd, oft waſted the night,
With Love and the Muſe, from intruſion apart,
In Paſſion's high glow giving way to my heart.

2.

Yet long before Love enter'd in at my breaſt,
This thicket was dear; 'twas the manſion of reſt;
Where, feeling for Nature, I ſaunter'd along,
Attempting, a child, the gay numbers of ſong;
'Twas here I firſt form'd, as impaſſion'd I rov'd,
The fortunate lay that my Phillis approv'd;
O! let me, dear moments, your memory bleſs,
When ſhe ſat with her Bard in this happy receſs.

3.

My retreat was obſerv'd, by fell Envy made known,
To the mercileſs caitiff that call'd it its own;
He bade his vile axe through the covert reſound,
And ſoon in wide waſte lay my thicket around:
Mourn with your ſad Bard, ye ſweet warblers of Spring,
No more ſhall this wood with your melodies ring;
Dear Phillis, no more in this hidden alcove,
Shall I read in thy looks the ſoft language of Love!

4.

I ſought thee, my charmer, but ſtill it was dark,
Ere liſten'd the morn to loud calls of the lark;
Though cold were the dews, yet I hurry'd my feet
To the place where I long'd my dear Phillis to meet;
But ſong cannot picture the mournful ſurprize,
That ſtruck through my ſoul, that bedew'd my ſad eyes,
To ſee the ſweet woodland, thus proſtrate around,
By the ſharp ſteel of Envy laid flat on the ground.

5.

Ill fare the proud lout that, with boſom thus hard,
Laid waſte a lone thicket belov'd by the Bard;
Where, meeting his charmer, beneath the green buſh,
Reſponded his lay to the ſweet-ſinging thruſh:
May Nature with-hold ev'ry charm from his eye,
And, chill'd, on his heart, may Love's tenderneſs die;
His name roll with ages, deteſted, along,
Laſh'd ſore by the Muſe in ſatyrical ſong!

6.

'Twas here, my dear Phillis, I proffer'd my love,
When in ſweet aſſignations we met in the grove;
Here I kiſs'd thy dear lips, whilſt curs'd *Envy* purſu'd,
And dar'd on our moments of tranſport intrude:
Then, ſince our warm hearts in ſoft union are ty'd,
Beneath its green eye we 'll no longer abide;
But, partners in joys to malignance unknown,
Live happy through life in a cottage, our own.

PASTORAL.

COLIN.—DELIA.

1.

COLIN.

SEE, Delia, thy Colin return'd,
I meet my dear charmer again;
Though long in ſad abſence I mourn'd,
I now bid adieu to my pain.
O, come! 'tis thy lover invites,
We 'll hie to the wonted alcove;
Revive all our tender delights,
Our bliſsful endearments of love.

2.

DELIA.

I trimm'd the dear arbour with care,
Whilſt abſent my Colin remain'd;
And often in ſolitude there
I to the lone thicket complain'd;
Ev'ry buſh did thy preſence reſtore,
Ev'ry bird that frequented the tree;
I lov'd them, and lov'd them the more,
Becauſe they gave pleaſure to thee.

3.

COLIN.

I wander'd in regions remote,
Far from my dear Delia remov'd;
Long ſigh'd, with a ſorrowful note,
Sore wept for the fair-one I lov'd;
Slow crawl'd the ſad moments away,
But anguiſh now dies in my heart;
I return, let me bleſs the ſweet day,
No more from my Delia to part!

4.

DELIA.

Then, Colin, away to the bow'r,
And there I 'll attend to thy tale;
Sweet comfort returns with this hour,
We 'll on its warm raptures regale:
But wilt thou, dear ſhepherd, remain,
Content with what love has in ſtore,
Abide with a flock on the plain,
And wander from Delia no more?

5.

COLIN.

Remote from the vot'ries of Pride,
To Folly's dull vaſſals unknown,
I 'll with my dear charmer abide,
A ſhepherd, through life on the down.
Our days in tranquillity ſpent,
We 'll envy no monarch his lot;
For Wiſdom, in humble content,
With Nature inhabits a cot.

6.

DELIA.

The warmth of high tranſport is mine,
My Colin is faithful and true;
This hand, my dear ſhepherd, is thine,
Let 's bid our paſt anguiſh adieu;
We 'll ſhun the dark mazes of Strife,
But love, and be mutually kind;
And paſs o'er the deſert of Life,
To Providence meekly reſign'd.

7.

BOTH.

Then let us the bliſsful command
Of tender affections obey,
Enliſt with the conjugal band,
Nor longer the bleſſing delay;
Let Gladneſs now raiſe her ſweet voice,
Ye nymphs, with your ſhepherds, advance;
With Colin, with Delia, rejoice,
And merrily join in the dance.

ESCAPE FROM LONDON.

Cerais trachas Llundain.

HYWEL AB OWAIN GWYNEDD.

Anglicè,

I love what London inveterately hates.

HOWEL, Son of OWAIN Prince of WALES,
circ. ann. 1160.

I.

WHILST from the dew-beſpangled lawn,
The lark aſcends with early ſong,
I wake to bleſs the breezy dawn,
And walk my native meads along;
I tune the notes of rural glee,
Join in the morning minſtrelſy,

With ſoul to youthful joys return'd *:
I love the grove, the verdant hill,
The winding vale's pellucid rill,
And long in hateful ſcenes for theſe I deeply mourn'd.

2.

Hear, London, hear my gladden'd ſong,
I dwell, I weep, no more in thee;
But leave, with *Hell*, thy grinning throng
To ſcoff at *Heav'n* that ſet me free;

* *With ſoul to youthful joys return'd.*] In the *Bardic Triades* we have the following remarkable maxim of the *Ancient Britiſh* Philoſophers:

Tripheth o'u hadfer a eſtynant einioes dyn;
Y wlad a'i magwys yn blentyn,
Yr ymborth a'i maethwys yn blentyn,
A'r myfyrdod a'i diddanwys yn blentyn.

In Engliſh,
Three things reſtored will prolong a man's life;
The country where in childhood he was brought up,
The food that in childhood nouriſhed him,
And the train of thought that in childhood amuſed him.

On

On *Hottentotic* arts refine *,
Let *Faſhion's* glories all be thine,

* *On Hottentotic arts refine.*] It does not ſeem to be generally known, though very true, that *Faſhion* derives many of its moſt diſtinguiſhing characteriſtics from the *Hottentots*, a very *polite* people according to modern ideas of *politeneſs*, that inhabit the Southern parts of Africa. One inſtance muſt ſuffice at preſent, though many more could be given: the *Hottentot*, who, to uſe the phraſe of a London *biſter wench* (I ſhould have ſaid *lady*), would rather *be out of the world than out of the faſhion*, dreſſes his hair well with any kind of greaſe, and then powders it, *à la mode de Londres*, with fine pulverized *cow-dung*, juſt in the ſame manner as the *Cockneys* uſe pomatum and powder; with this difference, that the *Hottentot* never imports, like Mr. REEVES, any *bears* from *Ruſſia*, but contents himſelf with the fat of his own *hog*: and, inſtead of preparing his powder from *wheat*, which he thinks much better applied to feed his poor neighbour or his chickens; he, like a good œconomiſt, makes uſe of the firſt parcel of *ſtercus bovis* that he finds. My *Printer's Devil*, whoſe opinion I highly reſpect, aſſures me, that he thinks the *Hottentot* by far the moſt rational being.

With

With Luxury thy cubs delight;
My ſoul abhors thy *lawleſs* crew *,
I bid thy ſhameleſs pomp adieu,
Avert my tortur'd looks that ſicken'd at the ſight.

3.

I 'll hide in thee, dear native dale,
Where ſimple Nature ſmiles around;
What healthful fragrance wings thy gale!
What vary'd beauties deck thy ground!
Bloom for thy Bard, thou lovely May,
Bid all thy warblers cheer my way,

* *Thy lawleſs crew.*] The moral principles of the inhabitants of overgrown towns are naturally, almoſt neceſſarily, highly depraved; at leaſt this is the caſe of a great majority of them: the preſent enormous magnitude of *London*, beſides being the premature grave of our drained dominions, harbours ſuch a vaſt number of *villains* that, ranked at the heels of one poſſeſſed of all the fanaticiſm of Lord *G. Gordon*, with the good ſenſe and cool deliberation of *Oliver Cromwell*, would ſoon ſpread deſolation over the whole iſland. The legiſlature will, when, probably, too late, find this to be true.

Spread o'er my paths thy vernal hues;
Delighted in this lonely walk,
I 'll bid my ſoul with Reaſon talk;
And on her circled hills invoke the ſylvan Muſe *.

4.

I love thee, Nature; 'tis from thee
Th' unſully'd ſtream of Wiſdom flows;
Touch'd by thy ſweet ſimplicity,
With wiſh benign my boſom glows;
And, in this depth of ſolitude,
Where no vile forms of art intrude,

* *Circled hills.*] The *Welſh Bards* always meet in the open air whilſt the Sun is above the horizon, where they form a *circle of ſtones*, according to ancient cuſtom; this circle they call *Cyleh Cyngrair*, the *Circle of Concord*, or of *Confederation*. In theſe days, however, it is formed only of a few very ſmall ſtones, or pebbles, ſuch as may be carried to the ſpot in one man's pocket; but this would not have been deemed ſufficient by thoſe who formed the ſtupendous *Bardic Circle* of *Stone-Henge*.

I 'll

I 'll gaze delighted on thy charms;
Walk thy ſequeſter'd glades along,
Raiſe to thy truth my rural ſong,
Secur'd in peaceful ſhades, I court thee to my arms.

5.

In thee bright Virtue feels her pow'r,
From thee derives her tender ſenſe;
No *Faſhion* dares approach thy bow'r
To ſtain the robe of *Innocence*:
Religion, baniſh'd from the *Great*,
Finds in thy realm a ſafe retreat,
Rears in thy wilds her humble cell:
Love, *Friendſhip*, *Freedom*, ſeek thy vales,
To chaunt with *Peace* their cheering tales;
Turn to their genial ſource, reſolv'd with *thee* to dwell.

6.

I love thy blackbird on the buſh;
He glads my ſoul with genial ſtrain;

I 'll

I 'll emulate thy warbling thruſh,
And carol tranſport o'er the plain:
'Tis murmur ſoft, 'tis gentle gales,
Where torrents lately tore the vales;
Where ſtorms were looſe with rudeſt roar:
Hail! Summer, hail! return'd again,
Love comes triumphant in thy train,
With ſcepter'd hand benign to BRITAIN's honey'd
ſhore *.

* *Britain's honey'd ſhore.*] Y FEL YNYS, i. e. the *Iſle of Honey*, was one of the ancient names of *Britain*, according to the *Britiſh Triades*, one of our oldeſt, and moſt authentic, Welſh manuſcripts: the other two names are CLAS MERDDIN, which ſignifies *The Highlands in the Sea*, or, as ſome copies have it, CLAS MEIDDIN, *Hilly Lands* or *Fields*, and PRYDAIN, the name by which it is at preſent, and has been, for at leaſt 2,000 years, known to the *Old Britons*; though Mr. *Macpherſon* ſays, at *random* I ſuppoſe, that this name was never known to the *Welſh*; this is one of his very numerous aſſertions that may be pronounced truly *curious*.

7. Dear

7.

Dear BRITAIN! let me ſing to thee,
Thou through the world for BEAUTY fam'd *,
Sublime thy Muſe, thy Genius free,
Thy ſons to ſlav'ry never tam'd;

Rich

* *Thou through the world for beauty fam'd.*] The ſtrictly literal meaning of PRYDAIN is BEAUTIFUL; nothing can be more obvious than this etymology; it is ſo demonſtrably juſt that it cannot poſſibly admit of the leaſt doubt; and yet, ſtrange as it may appear, it has never hitherto been given by any Welſh Antiquarian or Etymologiſt whatever; nor has any Welſh Grammarian yet noticed the termination *ain*, in ſenſe exactly the ſame as the Engliſh *ful* in beautiful, though it ends a very great number of words in the language, as, *Adwythain*, *Cyfrain*, *Dwyrain*, *Enirain*, *Ednywain*, *Ffrawddiain*, *Gwyrain*, *Geuain*, *Iain*, *Madiain*, *Merain*, *Milain*, *Mirain*, *Owain*, *Rhiain*, *Rhuddain*, *Tyrnain*, *Trumain*, *Truthain*, *Urddain*, and ſome hundreds, perhaps, more; with the following names of places: *Argoed Llwyfain*, *Berain*, *Cedewain*, *Llanbuadain*, *Mechain*, *Morain* (the *Morini* in Gaul), *Nanhwynain*, *Pentir Gwychain*, and many others: proud of having diſcovered the true etymology of the name of my highly celebrated native iſland, that has ſo long in vain been groped for in the dark, to the aſtoniſhment of every one that has

Rich flocks, unrivall'd, walk thy plain,
Or, loſt in waves of golden grain,
We view, rejoic'd, thy wide extent.
Thy ſecond morn, fair EDEN, dawns,
The ray firſt beam'd on BRITAIN's lawns *,
'Tis o'er the world from thee by Heav'n in mercy ſent.

has a tolerable knowledge of the *Welſh* language, I have deviated into what, I fear, will diſpleaſe ſome, but others will not diſapprove of it. There are but very few countries, perhaps in the world, that, like *Britain*, retain their ancient names in their aboriginal languages ſtill living within them, and but little, if any thing, corrupted or altered. Our modern, in other reſpects very learned, antiquaries, whenever they dabble in *Britiſh* or *Celtic* etymologies, run into the wildeſt abſurdities; but why is it ſo? There are *Welſhmen*, well ſkilled in their native language, that would, without any eye to intereſt, afford thoſe gentlemen any information in their power, and be highly gratified in being ſo called upon.

* *The ray firſt beam'd on* BRITAIN's *lawns.*] In the ancient *Barbarian* world the *Bards* of BRITAIN firſt avowed themſelves the *Heralds of Peace*; in the *Chriſtian* world, the firſt ſect that literally converted their ſpears to ploughſhares, and their ſwords to pruning hooks, learning war no more, appeared in BRITAIN.

8. O!

8.

O! let me live to bleſs the day,
When, ſcepter'd, on my BRITAIN's throne,
Truth, clad in HEAV'N's effulgent ray,
Shall ſit, and call the world her own:
The blade, long drench'd in human gore,
Shall ſeek the fields of Death no more,
But fleece in May the clover'd field:
Now, ſon of Peace, the ſword is thine,
Prune with its edge thy fruitful vine,
Whilſt BARDS, triumphant! now the bloodleſs weapon wield *.

9.

Thus, tuning high prophetic ſtrains,
Of *Heav'n* obey'd from pole to pole,
Whilſt through my ſong the tranſport reigns,
Be this no dream to cheat my ſoul:
Throng'd in my breaſt what wiſhes burn!
O! days of INNOCENCE! return!

* BARDS *triumphant, &c.*] See the note on p. 3.

No

No more in vain let Nature call:
And THOU, that canſt with pow'rful hand,
Subdue the pride of ev'ry land,
O! tame us to thy laws! be MONARCH, ALL IN ALL!

FORTITUDE.

FORTITUDE.

1.

I LOVE the man, whoſe giant ſoul
Spurns at Opinion's tyrant ſway,
To no vile deſpot yields his heart;
Diſdaining *Faſhion's* proud controul,
He turns from Folly's glitt'ring way,
Dares nobly trample on the pride of Art.

2.

War's bloody fiends, with wrathful ire,
Bid o'er the fields their legions fly,
Far o'er the main bid Rage extend;
He that can hate their martial fire,
Can ſcan their ſouls with Reaſon's eye,
Is to Britannia's Bards a boſom friend.

3. Stern

3.

Stern Winter triumphs in the ſky,
Sad Nature's woful face deforms,
Fell Horror ſpreads her ſable wing;
He can the giant Fear defy,
When ſweep around the raging ſtorms,
And with undaunted ſoul can laugh and ſing.

4.

He dreads no thunders of the night,
When roaming o'er the pathleſs waſte,
When toiling on the mountain'd wave;
And he can ſmile at gnaſhing Spite,
Whilſt Envy ſpeeds with helliſh haſte,
To bid her tallon'd fiends around him rave.

5.

He nor vile Wealth's bewitching glare,
Nor titles high that Pride beſtows,
Beholds with eyes of keen deſire:
How fails the venom'd look of Care,

To

To ſhake his boſom's calm repoſe,
When all the gleams of ſoothing Hope expire!

6.

When, felt in flames of ſore diſeaſe,
Death's dagger'd throngs invade his heart,
He ſtill unconquer'd meets the ſhock;
Firm as a mountain, ſtill at eaſe,
He ſmiles unmov'd, nor feels the dart,
But ſtands a champion bold on Heav'ns eternal rock.

ADDRESS

ADDRESS

TO THE

INHABITANTS OF WALES,

Exhorting them to emigrate, with

WILLIAM PENN, to Pennſylvania.

Written at Sea by an Anonymous Emigrant, about the Time of the firſt Settlement of that Colony, to which many Welſh Families went.

Tranſlated from the Welſh.

I.

YE, ſprung from BRITAIN's ancient race,
Whilſt Tyranny, with ſhameleſs face,
Enſlaves your native plains;
Attend my tale, nor, with the crowd,
Mean vaſſals of the ſelfiſh Proud,
Deſpiſe my friendly ſtrains.

2.

A guiltleſs land involv'd in grief,
Your country mourns, and craves relief,
With nobleſt claim to peace *:
Much injur'd land! for ſtill in vain
Of treatment hard thy ſons complain,
Of wrongs that never ceaſe.

3.

We daily feel the wrathful rod:
What is the crime?—we ſeek our GOD
Where Conſcience leads the way;

* *With nobleſt claim to peace.*] The laſh of intolerant laws that were enacted about this time, and had been, it muſt be confeſſed, in ſome degree, juſtly provoked, fell with equal ſeverity on the peaceful and the turbulent, on many of the moſt loyal as well as the ſeditious; and drove out of the Principality of *Wales* conſiderable numbers of people, who, for their loyalty as *ſubjects*, and their pacific principles as *Chriſtians*, were entitled highly to the protection of their country, and even to a degree of indulgence, to which, perhaps, no other party could poſſibly ſupport any claim.

The

The *Prieſt* our bitter draught ſupplies *,
This we muſt bear, or ſhut our eyes
To *Truth's* meridian ray.

4.

Oft as we fall, with piteous moan,
Before the great eternal throne,
Th' *informer* 's at our ſide;
Law quickly plies the leaden ſtroke,
We faint beneath the galling yoke
Of Anti-chriſtian Pride.

5.

Pale Want on harmleſs brows appears,
Our thorny paths are drench'd with tears,
Exceſſive ills we feel;

* *The* Prieſt *our bitter draught ſupplies.*] The Church of England, in thoſe days, under the influence of one of thoſe miſtakes that are incidental to every thing that originates in *Human Nature*, was, it muſt be confeſſed, of a perſecuting ſpirit; but this error it has, long ago, ſeen, acknowledged, and reformed; its preſent moderation is but little ſhort of exemplary: *quære*, can ſo much be ſaid of ſome of its opponent ſects?

All *Hell* aſſails the batter'd head,
That 's mangled by th' inſulting tread
Of ſtern Oppreſſion's heel.

6.

The bread our induſtry ſupplied,
Is to the famiſh'd lips denied,
Though feeble babes complain;
This bids thy ſoul, fond parent, bleed,
Thy ſcanty ſtores are all decreed
The filching *Proctor's* gain.

7.

Whilſt thus, in dire Affliction deep,
By villains dogg'd we ſorely weep,
And drag th' enſlaving chain;
We fall a prey to gnaſhing Spite,
That liſtens, whilſt in depth of night
To HEAV'N we dare complain.

8.

CONSCIENCE! thy call we muſt not hear,
But turn to thee the deafen'd ear,

And violate thy laws;
Tyranic fiends we then may pleaſe,
And live with HYPOCRITES at eaſe,
And gain the World's applauſe.

9.

But whilſt, in thy determin'd way,
We name our God, and humbly pray,
For his illuming grace;
Perſiſting ſtill in ſelfiſh views,
The ſoul-enſlaving PRIEST purſues,
With HELL's unwearied pace.

10.

The priſon gate ſoon opens wide,
In loathſome cells we muſt abide,
So *Laws infernal* doom *;
Till, from our lov'd relations torn,
In woful baniſhment we mourn,
And fill an early tomb.

* *So laws infernal doom.*] See the 16th Car. II. cap. 4.

II.

O! thou, poſſeſs'd of BRITAIN's Crown,
Is gratitude for ever flown
From thy relentleſs heart?
Haſt thou forgot how CAMBRIA bled *
For thee, when at thy trampled head
The Rebel flung his dart?

12. No

* *How* CAMBRIA *bled*] The *Welſh*, one would have imagined, had, during the Civil Wars of *Cromwelian ſanctity*, given the moſt unequivocal proofs of loyalty, but many of them diſſented from the Church of England, which was then inſpired by the true ſpirit of *Popery*: the Tigers of *Religious Perſecution* were called up from their native *Hell*, their talons faſtened indiſcriminately on the *innocent* as well as the *guilty*, if any guilt could poſſibly exiſt in following the dictates of a tender, though, perhaps, miſtaken, conſcience; diſſention was *abſurdly*, or, more probably, *maliciouſly* conſidered as the grand characteriſtic of ſedition; ſo, without the leaſt reference to any other conſideration, the *Welſh* Non-conformiſts were included amongſt the ſuppoſed criminal: but the origin of diſſention in *Wales* was very different from what it was in *England*. The Scriptures had in the days of ELIZABETH been tranſlated into the *Welſh language*, but ſoon after

12.

No plot, but for thy ſafety form'd *,
In Wales appear'd, when highly ſtorm'd
Rebellion

after it was, I know not for what good reaſon, thought neceſſary to bring the *Welſh* over to the uſe, in common converſation, of the *Engliſh tongue*; to accompliſh this, the Church ſervice was performed every where in *Engliſh*, though not one in fifty, in moſt places, underſtood it. The *Welſh* complained that the *Church of England*, like that of *Rome*, with-held from the common people the Scriptures in their own language; a *Welſh Bible* could not be purchaſed; it was not in print. *Itinerant*, and many of them *lay* preachers aroſe, and formed numerous congregations; they, after many difficulties, obtained an edition of the Welſh Bible. This execrable policy, of attempting to force the *Engliſh language* on the *Welſh*, firſt occaſioned the diſſention amongſt them, which, as the original cauſe does ſtill, in a great meaſure, exiſt, will in all probability end in their total defection from the Eſtabliſhed Church. *Truth* itſelf, when heavy loaded with the armour of *Human Policy*, will ſink to the ground; and the weapon, that is by abſurdity put into its hand, is the only one that can wound it.

* *No plot but for thy ſafety form'd.*] This is ſtrictly true: during the *Cromwelian Civil wars* (and the ſame may be ſaid of the rebellions of 1715 and 1745) not a ſingle party was formed

Rebellion through the Land:
Yet, if to TRUTH we turn the mind,
Our blameleſs limbs thy fetters bind,
'Tis thus thy laws command.

13.

I ſaw, for thee, my *Father* ſlain,
Where on SAINT FAGAN's reeking plain *,

Gla-

in *Wales* but in direct oppoſition to them. Yet ſtedfaſt loyalty could not ſcreen the poor injured *Welſh* from the ſcourge of offended *Prieſtcraft*, whoſe infallibility they had preſumed to diſpute.

* *St.* FAGAN's *reeking plain.*] *St Fagan's* is a village on the banks of *Ely* river in the vale of *Glamorgan*. When the ſecond Civil War broke out in the year 1648, the Welſh were the firſt that took up arms in favour of Charles the Second. Sir *Edward Stradling*, of *St. Donat's Caſtle*, Sir *Nicholas Kemyſs*, of *Keven Mably*, and Colonel *Powel*, raiſed, armed, and cloathed, each of them, a thouſand men within their own county o *Glamorgan*. Theſe, commanded by Major General *Stradling*, S *Nicholas Kemyſs*, and Colonel *Powel*, joined Major General *Langborne* and Colonel *Poyer*, whoſe men had been raiſed chiefly in the counties of *Brecon*, *Carmarthen*, and *Pembroke*; their collected force amounted to about eight thouſand. *Oliver Cromwell*, hear-

ing

Glamorgan pour'd her blood:
Did with my widow'd mother weep,
Whilſt in old ELY's channel deep,
Swell'd high the purple flood.

14. Ye,

ing of this, ſent Colonel *Horton* before him with three thouſand horſe, and two thouſand foot, to *Wales*, and followed himſelf with what forces he could ſpare: the two armies met at *St. Fagan's* on Monday May 8, 1648. Colonel *Horton*, engaged by *Langhorne* and *Stradling*, was forced to give way; but, being ſoon joined by three thouſand more, diſpatched by *Cromwell* to his aſſiſtance, with a heavy train of artillery, ſuch as had never been before ſeen in *Wales*, he charged the van of the *Welſh* forces, who were all undiſciplined and raw, with much reſolution. Having withal the great advantage of the horſe and artillery, and calling out all the while to his men to reflect on the danger they were in, the country being full of enemies, the Royal army after a bloody conflict of two hours was entirely routed: about three thouſand were ſlain, and as many taken priſoners. Sir *Nicholas Kemyſs* and his men, having been cut off by an ambuſcade, retired to *Chepſtow Caſtle*, which they, for about three weeks, very manfully defended; but Colonel *Pride*, arriving with his heavy artillery, made a breach, and carried the caſtle ſword in hand. Sir *Nicholas Kemyſs* was there put to death in a manner

14.

Ye, that in War's wide grave were laid,
Your orphan'd ſons are ill repaid
For loyal blood you loſt;

ſo horribly barbarous and cruel, that no leſs a genius than that of *Cromwell* could ever have ſuggeſted. The battle of *St. Fagan's* gave, it is ſaid, ſixty-five widows to the ſingle pariſh of *St. Fagan's*, and upwards of ſeven hundred to the county of *Glamorgan*: when harveſt came, the hay was mown, and the corn reaped, chiefly by women; for of men there were not a number half ſufficient for theſe purpoſes left by the ſlaughtering ſword of war. See Brotherton's "Life of Oliver Cromwell," edit. 1743; from which, and ſome Welſh memorials, this account has been collected.

There were living in *Glomorgan*, about thirty years ago, ſeveral old people that remembered the battle of *St. Fagan's*: one of them aſſured me, that the river *Ely* was actually reddened by human blood; yet, with all its ſufferings, with all its unimpeached loyalty, ſo harraſſed were the inhabitants of *Glamorgan* by the ſcourge of *Parſoncraft*, that great numbers of them were obliged to fly, during the reign of *Charles* the Second, from the ruin that their native country had unjuſtly heaped on them, to the wilds of America.

They

They ſeek their GOD, for this purſu'd,
By vile decrees—on billows rude
Of Perſecution toſt.

15.

We 'll drag no more this heavy chain,
No more in *Slavery's* realm remain,
Where hell-born codes increaſe:
Though, tow'ring high, rude billows roar,
We 'll croſs them to yon diſtant ſhore,
Where hide the Sons of Peace.

16.

Meek PENN invites, his gentle breaſt
Is by *Benevolence* poſſeſs'd:
Attend the joyful tale!
PENN, ſent by HEAV'N, a choſen Chief,
To lead us from th' abodes of grief,
O! let his wiſh prevail.

17.

PENN bears the ſceptre in that land,
Where laws are nought but HEAV'N's command,

The Prince of Peace our King;
Soon ſhall the World's loud ſongs unite,
And, far as beam the rays of light,
Of PENN's high merits ring.

18.

In PENNSYLVANIA's happy groves
The Son of Peace with freedom roves,
Dreads there no Tyrant's rod;
Where, fearleſs, in a friendly clime,
He dedicates his joyful time
To *Nature* and to GOD.

19.

There ſmile the lawns in lovely bloom,
Green woods emit a rich perfume,
With tuneful carols ring:
Health gambols in the ſunny ſkies,
And rural beauty greets our eyes
In one eternal Spring.

20.

Here far extends the lib'ral ſoil,
That, grateful to the Planter's toil,
Waves wide with golden wheat;
In ſlav'ry doom'd no more to pine,
Beneath his own luxuriant vine
Each rears a peaceful ſeat.

21.

With flocks and herds in verdant meads,
A Patriarch's life he calmly leads,
Bleſt with primeval health;
Feels Virtue's ardour in his breaſt,
Talks with Con'ent, that lovely gueſt,
And craves no greater wealth.

22.

In wiſdom rich, with humble mind,
And grateful ſoul to HEAV'N reſign'd,
He feels unceaſing joys:

No laws unjuſt enſnare his feet,
No blood-hound bays him in the ſtreet,
No ſtriding *Prieſt* annoys.

23.

He bids no gorgeous fanes ariſe
To pleaſe Ambition's jaundic'd eyes
With idol feats of Art;
But, ſeen in lights of heav'nly grace,
The GOD he finds in ev'ry place,
Adores with humble heart.

24.

Here, number'd with the truly great,
Rejoicing in the calm retreat,
To Truth's black foes unknown;
The free-born mind, th' unfetter'd thought,
With ſacred lore of *Conſcience* fraught,
He, fearleſs, calls his own.

25.

To ſlaviſh Doubt let others yield,
And fly, like daſtards, from the field,

When

When Truth her ſtandard rears;
I ſcorn the Tyrant's rude controul,
Confide in HEAV'N that nerves my ſoul,
And baniſh all my fears.

26.

Chains that enſlave Britannia's iſle
Long held my feet in durance vile,
But ſorrow ſoon will ceaſe;
Kind PROVIDENCE unbars the den,
Gives me to 'ſcape, with bounteous PENN,
To diſtant *Realms of Peace*.

27.

Led there by HEAV'N in woful times,
Firſt were theſe far-ſequeſter'd climes
To Britiſh worthies known;
Theſe, from no native of the land
By conqueſt wrench'd with murd'ring hand,
We fairly claim our own.

28. Boaſt,

28.

Boaſt, CAMBRIA, boaſt thy ſceptred Lord,—
'Twas HE, thy MADOC, firſt explor'd *

What

* *Thy Madoc.*] Many of our Welſh hiſtorians aſſert, that America was diſcovered, about the year 1170, by *Madoc*, ſon of *Owain Gwynedd*, Prince of *Wales*. We have manuſcript accounts of this diſcovery that were written before the birth of *Columbus*. Dr. *David Powel*, in Queen *Elizabeth's* time, ſays, in his Hiſtory of Wales (on the authority of *Guttyn Owain*, who wrote in *Welſh* in King *Edward* the Fourth's time), that *Madoc*, in hopes of diſcovering the lands that lay beyond the *Atlantic* (of which there were ancient manuſcript accounts, as well as traditions, in *Wales*), and of finding there a retreat from the horrors of inteſtine wars which then deluged all *Wales* with blood, reſolved on a voyage of diſcovery, and, ſailing weſtward, arrived in leſs than two months on the coaſts of a fine fertile country, deſtitute of inhabitants: leaving about one hundred of his men behind, he returned to *Wales*, and as ſoon as poſſible ſet about preparing another fleet for a ſecond expedition; telling his countrymen what a fine country he had diſcovered, where they might, uninterrupted, enjoy liberty, peace, and plenty, repreſenting to them, on the other hand, what barren rocks his brethren and nephews were, with hands of murder, contending for: ſo having prevailed on many to go with him, he ſet ſail

from

What bounds th' Atlantic tide;
He, from the tumults of a Crown,
Sought ſhelter in a *world unknown*,
With HEAV'N his only guide.

29.

He ſoon, with joyful tale, return'd
To CAMBRIAN hills, where thouſands mourn'd,

from *South Wales* with a fleet of ten ſhips, full of ſuch perſons of both ſexes as preferred peace to diſcord. This ſecond voyage occurred in the year 1195, according to Sir *Thomas Herbert*, who wrote about the year 1635, and, having free acceſs on all occaſions to the noble collection of *Welſh* manuſcripts in the library of *Ragland Caſtle*, had better opportunities of tracing the hiſtory of this remarkable event than any other perſon living. The total deſtruction, by fire, of this library has not yet been brought into the liſt of *Oliver Cromwell's* glories; it is time, however, that it ſhould. Long! very long! to time's remoteſt period! ſhall the curſe of *Welſh literature* attend the deteſtable name of *Oliver Cromwell*. For farther accounts of Prince *Madoc's* diſcovery of *America*, ſee the Hiſtory of Wales, by *Wynne*, p. 195, &c. and *Warrington's*, p. 309; *Herbert's* Travels, &c.

Scourg'd

Scourg'd by fell Diſcord's hand;
Now, loos'd from HELL, ſhe there appear'd,
With brother's blood her front beſmear'd,
She triumph'd in the Land.

30.

At LUNDY's Iſle what numbers meet;
All throng with joy to MADOC's fleet,
That firſt ſubdu'd the main;
They quit the gory ſod of WALES,
Proud SNOWDON's height, SILURIAN vales,
And MONA's ravag'd plain.

31.

Fled from Contention's ireful crew,
To native cots they bid adieu,
Returning there no more;
But, through rude ſtorms at endleſs war,
With PROVIDENCE their friendly ſtar,
They ſeek the peaceful ſhore.

32.

We heard of late aſtoniſh'd Fame
Declare that ſtill our MADOC's name *
Bids Glory's trump reſound
Where ſtill, amid the deſart wild,
A free-born race, of manners mild,
Old *Britiſh* tribes are found.

33.

I thither fly with anxious haſte,
Will brave all dangers of the waſte,

* *We heard of late, &c.*] Very ſoon after the ſettlement of *Virginia* and other parts of *North America* by the *Engliſh*, accounts were received of a tribe of *Welſh Indians* in the interior part of the Continent; and at this time there are, in *Wales* and *America*, *Welſhmen* living who have converſed with theſe people, who are now, as it appears from numerous and well-authenticated accounts, ſeated on the river *Miſſouric*, about five hundred miles above its junction with the *Miſſiſſippi*. See Gent. Mag. vol. LXI. part I. pp. 329, 386, 534; part II. pp. 612, 693, 795, 800; Dr. William's Enquiry concerning the firſt diſcovery of America; and his Farther Obſervations on the Diſcovery of America.

Range

Range 'tangled woods about;
Pierce ev'ry corner, like the wind,
Till Death forbids, or ſurely find
My long-loſt brethren out.

34.

I 'll teach them all the truth I know,
To them extol the lively glow
Of ſoul-refining grace;
And, heedleſs there of worldly gains,
Will glide through life with theſe remains
Of BRITAIN's injur'd race *.

35.

Haſte! and forſake your meagre hills,
Their woful rounds Oppreſſion fills,

* BRITAIN's *injured race.*] The *Welſh* ſtill retain a lively ſenſibility of the numerous injuries that they have, through a long ſucceſſion of ages, experienced from the *Coritani*, *Belgians*, *Scots*, *Picts*, *Romans*, *Saxons*, *Danes*, *Normans*, &c. &c. and complaints of this nature are, to this day, the frequent themes of the *Ancient Britiſh* Muſe.

O!

O! think of no delays:
Where *Madoc's* offspring ſtill abides,
Or in the Land where PENN preſides,
Will end our tranquil days.

36.

Adieu, GLAMORGAN, from whoſe vales
I 'm driven far through ſtormy gales,
O'er foamy billows wide;
Mayſt thou, though fiends afflict thee ſore,
Still thy *forbidden* GOD adore,
Whatever ills betide.

SONG;

SONG;

Tranſlated from the Welſh of MORGAN GRUFFUDD*, *a Glamorganſhire Bard, who flouriſhed about the Year* 1680.

1.

I, ROUS'D by the lark of the morn,
Aroſe, and the groves were in tune;
Whilſt caroll'd the thruſh on her thorn,
I pluck'd the ſweet roſes of June;
The dew-drops like gems in the vale,
The privet that bloom'd in my way,
With eglantine ſcenting the gale,
Breath'd health on the Summer's new day.

* *Morgan Gruffudd*] was one of the moſt lively Poets of his time. He was a *regular Bard*, for his name appears in a liſt of thirteen that were aſſembled in a GORSEDD (Congreſs) held at *Bewper Caſtle* in *Glamorgan*, under the patronage of Sir *Richard Baſſet*, Bart. in the year 1681.

2. 'Twas

2.

'Twas a voice from ſome nook of the dell,
'Twas borne by rapt echoes along;
O! I heard the ſoft melody ſwell,
'Twas extacy chaunting her ſong:
In ſtrain'd emulation confeſs'd,
The warblers were charm'd in the grove;
And, thrilling, I felt in my breaſt
The madden'd confuſion of Love.

3.

My *Sylvia*, my *Phillis*, my fair,
My charmer, ſay what is thy name;
To thy lonely receſs I repair,
With my heart, with my ſoul, in a flame;
To claſp thee, dear nymph, in my arms,
On pinions of paſſion I fly;
A martyr to Love and thy charms,
I 'll gaze on thy beauties and die,

4.

I, thus, thought her, I cannot tell how,
More bright than the monarch of day;
With boſom far whiter than ſnow,
Than hawthorns high-blooming in May:
The lily, the ſweet bluſhing roſe,
On her cheek were in beauty combin'd;
But ſtill, far ſuperior to thoſe,
I fancy'd the charms of her mind.

5.

O! the ſtrange faſcination of ſong,
Led on by the magical ſound,
I, ſpeedful, went panting along,
To the place where my ſongſtreſs I found;
But, ſtruck with a ſhaming ſurprize,
That ſtifled the flame in my breaſt,
I ſaw, with fell wrath in her eyes,
The form of a demon confeſs'd.

6.

In Paſſion's high fervors I burn'd,
A Lover wild ranting amain;
But, cur'd of my grief, I return'd,
Mad Fancy, to laugh at thy pain;
With frenzy that Reaſon diſcards,
Thou canſt not a moment be cool;
Thou, Parent of Lovers and Bards,
I 'm ſtill in thy fetters a fool!

VERNAL ODE.

WRITTEN IN 1780.

Rhyddyd a ſerch ſy'n rhoddi
Nwyf a moes o'r nef i mi.

IOLO MORGANWG ai dywawd.

I from ſoft Love *and* Liberty *derive*
Thoughts warm'd in Heav'n, that keep my ſoul alive.

I.

NOW, ſmiling, comes the lovely May,
Stern Winter's rigour dies away;
Dear to the Muſe appears the ſcene
Of bloomy thorn, of daiſy'd green,
With tunes melodious warbled through the grove:

Ye

Ye that the ſoul of Beauty warms,
That feel gay Nature's pow'rful charms,
Let not theſe moments glide along
Uncarol'd in the joyful ſong;
Returns the tranquil morn of Harmony and Love.

2.

Ye Bards, that, fond of rural views,
On ſylvan themes employ the Muſe;
Ye that from tainted cities fly
To ſing beneath a purer ſky;
To ſport with Innocence devoid of art;
Where orchards bloom, where lambs at play
Dance to the blackbird's cheering lay;
Where, breathing freſh, the dewy dawn
Gives healthful fragrance to the lawn,
Rich luxuries of joy ſhall fill the glowing heart.

3.

I'll tune with you my choral voice,
My ſoul with Nature ſhall rejoice;

We 'll trip the meads in gleeful talk,
Or through the ſhady thicket walk,
Where eglantines perfume the balmy gale;
With ſylvan pleaſures kept in view,
Spring's flow'ry paths we ſtill purſue;
Now, rambling o'er the verdant hill,
Hear we, beſide yon purling rill,
The milk-maid's tender ſong wide-echoed through the vale.

4.

'Twas *Nature* taught the rural maid,
Art never lent its baleful aid;
Nor knows her ſoul one guileful thought,
By meretricious *Faſhion* taught!
To thee, my DELIA, thus I tune my lays;
Warm feelings in thy ſimple breaſt,
Bright virtues on thy ſoul impreſs'd,
Engag'd my Muſe to ſing thy fame;
She dwells with tranſport on thy name;
Reſounding hills and vales join, vocal, in thy praiſe.

5.

New ſongs, ye Bards, the nobler ſtrain,—
Sound high the *Britiſh lyre* again,
To LIBERTY, that Angel bright,
That carols on PLINLIMON's * height,
That hates the gorgeous tow'rs where *Monarchs* dwell;
But, with bold ruſtics, on the plain,
She tends her flocks, where none reſtrain
The virtues of her manly ſoul,
That, fearleſs, yields to no controul
But TRUTH's obey'd command, that rules her humble cell!

6.

Her ſon, that ſcorns yon titled throng,
An ANCIENT BRITON walks along;
He can the canker'd ſoul eſpy,
Through brazen-fronted FASHION's eye,

* *Plinlimon,*] a mountain in Cardiganſhire; one of the higheſt in Wales.

She that, a ſtrumpet, leads the brainleſs crowd:
With venging ſpear, a warrior bold,
Like fam'd CARACTACUS* of old,
He calls to REASON'S dauntleſs train,
That come to bleſs the world again,
Each with upliſted arm to curb the *lawleſs Proud.*

7.

O! LIBERTY! we catch thy flame!
Rings through the Heav'ns thy glorious name!
All nations hear! th' inſpiring ſound
Commands the ſoul, this world around
Shall from long dreams awake, and hear thy call;
No longer deem'd by Tyrants dead,
Bold VIRTUE rears her awful head,

* *Caractacus.*] The famous Ancient Britiſh Prince of the SILURES in *South Wales*; who, after nobly withſtanding all the Roman force in Britain for nine years, was at laſt, by treachery only, ſubdued, and carried a priſoner of war to Rome, where his magnanimous ſpeech, before the Emperor CLAUDIUS, procured him his liberty. Some families in South-Wales claim a lineal deſcent from him.

With

With banner ſtreaming through the ſkies,
She meets glad NATURE's joyful eyes;
She, ſchool'd in HEAV'N, ſhall reign triumphant,
ALL IN ALL!

8.

Thus, where the cowſlip gaily blooms;
Where, fraught with Morning's rich perfumes,
Freſh breezes wander o'er the plain,
Reviving health in ev'ry vein,
Flow my warm numbers in prophetic ſong:
Nor ſhepherd's pipe, nor bloomy grove,
Nor vernal airs that wake to Love,
Claim now the MUSE, her tranſport fills
A nobler trump on ALBION's hills,
And, bold in FREEDOM's cauſe, unfetter'd rolls along.

A SONG,

WRITTEN IN 1785,

for the Uſe of a little ſelect

SOCIETY OF

JOURNEY-MEN MASONS,

that met weekly to ſpend a chearful Hour at the moderate, and reſtricted, expence of fourpence.

The intention of the following little piece is to blunt and ſoften that irritability of mind, which, from their condition in life, muſt neceſſarily be often experienced by thoſe who form the great majority of mankind, perſons that ſubſiſt by manual labour; and who are not always treated as they ſhould be by thoſe who, it is not very well known for what reaſon, aſſume the title of ſuperiors: Can any be ultimately ſuperior to thoſe who, becauſe they are deprived of almoſt every comfort of life, have in their favour the nobleſt promiſe of futurity, and who are not camels to paſs through a needle's eye?—Let this alſo be conſidered as an attempt to write a rational drinking-ſong. Recommendation of duty is likewiſe one of its leading ſentiments.

---

1. NOW

1.

NOW ſinks in the Weſt chill December's pale Sun,
Day, ſullen, retires, and its labours are done:
Thus, together well met, let us call for the quart;
A glaſs of good liquor will comfort the heart:
The day was quite cold, and our toil very hard,
But purſe-cramming maſters pay little regard—
Yet night is our own, it gives freedom and reſt—
Come, ruby-fac'd landlord, a pot of your beſt.

2.

How paſs'd we the day? why, we 've not done amiſs;
And believe me, dear friends, there 's much comfort in this;
It's duration was ſhort, yet, as honeſt men ſhould,
We toil'd without flinching, did all that we could.
Come, bring us the tipple—be chearful, my buck!
Here 's wiſhing us all, boys, abundance of luck—

I mean not abundance of what they call wealth,
But what is much better; employment and health!

3.

Poſſeſſing Content, in the deep ſhades of Life,
We leave to the Proud vain ambition and ſtrife:
Though poor in this world, we 're of honeſt report;
I wiſh it were thus with ſome *great ones* at *Court*.
We ſeldom the boon of Benevolence find,
Yet we taſte the ſweet feaſt of an innocent mind;
Nor envy the Rich—*we* no charms can behold
In, what ſears ev'ry conſcience, vile ſilver and gold.

4.

Though this life is to us but a cold Winter's day,
And the mercileſs Wealthy ſtrew thorns in our way;
Be that ſoul never *mine* that, with riches in ſtore,
To an atom ſhrunk down, ever tramples the poor:
We 'll be patient awhile, there 's a world after this,
Where we take in *our* turn full poſſeſſion of bliſs;

Where

Where Juſtice, that views us with watchful regard,
Gives for all that we ſuffer an ample reward.

5.

This, my friend, is the balm that heals up ev'ry ſore,
We'll with this be content, never wiſhing for more;
Well pleas'd with our ſtations we merrily ſing,
And pity the *log* that 's no more than a *King*.
How chearful to think that ſweet health is our own,
Never crippled by gout, nor yet rack'd with the ſtone!
And with this we poſſeſs—urge the chorus along!
A conſcience at eaſe that can join in the ſong!

6.

Whilſt Mirth and good ale our worn ſpirits recruit,
We 'll Drunk'neſs avoid, that delight of a brute:
Of matters of *State* we 'll have nothing to ſay,
Wiſe Reaſon ſhall rule, and keep Diſcord away.

Whilſt, tuning our voices, Jocundity ſings,
Good fellows we toaſt, and know nothing of Kings;
But to thoſe that have brighten'd the gloom of our lives,
Give the ſong and full bumper—*our ſweethearts and wives!*

INSCRIP-

INSCRIPTION

FOR A RUDE ROCK

IN A WELSH BARD'S GARDEN.

YE foes to Nature, canker'd ſouls,
That love the tinſel'd glare of towns;
Adoring ſcenes where Diſcord howls,
Where titled Pride on Virtue frowns;
Eſcaping from your dull parade,
I ſhelter in this humble glade,
Where Wiſdom ſtrews my flow'ry ways:
Here, ſeeking Truth with warm intent,
Hid in the boſom of Content,
To your vile world unknown, I 'll end my peaceful days.

PAS-

PASTORAL.

In the Welſh Manner.

1.

SWEET Cuckoo, thou friend of the Lover and Bard,
I revive at thy note from the neighbouring tree;
I have felt the long Winter, its rigour preſs'd hard,
Yet much of warm hope have I center'd in thee;
For thou ſhalt reſtore the calm days of relief,
When bright from yon orb comes the ſanative ray;
'Twill warm up my ſoul, and I 'll ſing to my grief,
Thy reign 's at an end—hateful tyrant, away!

Thou,

Thou, Pain, whoſe fierce talons relentleſs have torn
This comfortleſs boſom, I bid thee depart;
My Cuckoo proclaims it, ſoon dawns the bright morn,
When Health's gentle balm ſhall diſtil on my heart;
I ſhall meet its freſh gale as I ramble the down,
And then, with gay Linnets, my ſong I 'll prepare;
I 'll tell the green woods how my ſorrows are flown,
And, gleeful in verſe, bid adieu to my care.

Sweet Muſe of the plain,
Skill'd in Melody's voice;
O! tune up thy ſtrain,
And my heart will rejoice,
More light than thy goſſamer floating in air.

2.

Whilſt penſively walking the marge of this rill,
I to childhood return, and remember the day;
When ſtringing my daiſies along the green hill,
I, fix'd in attention, rejoic'd at thy lay;

My DELIA was there, and ſhe prattled her tale,
A ſweet little infant, I led her along;
We gather'd the cowſlip that bloom'd in the vale,
We, liſping together, attempted a ſong;
There, playful, we ſaunter'd, unpeſter'd with cares,
Acquainted with nothing but Nature and Truth;
Thy pupils, dear Fancy, through many calm years,
We paſs'd in that vale the bright Summer of youth;
If walking the maze of deep woodlands around,
We felt the ſweet birds in our tranſport unite;
My ſong in the chorus bade echo reſound,
For I courted the Muſe, and attempted her flight;

The Lark was above,
The loud Thruſh on the thorn,
And with ſonnets of love
Came the milkmaids of morn,—
'Twas drenching the ſoul in ſweet floods of delight.

3. Thou

3.

Thou far-winding vale, where, well-tutor'd by Love,
On patterns of Nature I modell'd my lay,
Far from thy gay ſcenes like an exile I rove,
And crawl through the thorns of a ſorrowful way:
Thou ſtill art poſſeſs'd of the peaceable hour;
Still Health's balmy breezes attend on thy dawn;
The ſyren Deceit never ſings in thy bow'r,
And the ſky that I breathe never frowns on thy lawn;
But DELIA, forlorn, in thy ſolitude walks,
Thy beauties all fade, have no charm for her ſight;
Of days that are flown, of her Colin ſhe talks,
And feels not a moment of ſoothing delight.
O DELIA! to thee my warm feelings return,
Whilſt, plung'd in affliction, with ſtrangers I dwell,
Thy name I repeat where dejected I mourn,
When my griefs to the midnight I dolefully tell,

Hope's

Hope's ardency warms,
Oh! I long for the day,
When to DELIA's dear arms
I ſhall haſten away,
To my fair one reſtor'd, I 'll bid ſorrow farewel.

A SONG,

A SONG,

uſually ſung by the

SOCIETY of ANCIENT BRITONS in LONDON

at the Admiſſion of Members.

From the Welſh of Mr. RICE JONES *.

I.

FAM'D for our warmth †, we now rejoice,
Feel Friendſhip's ardours reign;

* Such, in frequent inſtances, are the peculiar idioms of the *Welſh language*, that, in many paſſages, a tranſlation, or rendering, of the ſentiment, regardleſs of the verbality, was the moſt proper attempt.

† *Fam'd for our warmth.*] The Ancient Britons are noted for their warmth of temper; whence the proverbial phraſe of WELSH BLOOD!

And to the harp's harmonious voice,
Attune our choral ſtrain.
Around the bowl, a mirthful throng
Of BRITONS bold and free,
We ſwell the trills of native ſong,
All join'd in jocund glee.

2.

Renown'd of old the CIMBRIC* RACE,
Dar'd Glory's path purſue!
Let us, their ſons, with manly grace,
Keep ancient worth in view!
Whilſt, grandly ſweet, the warbling ſtring
Does joys benign impart;
We feel the ſympathetic ring
Of tranſport fill the heart.

* *Cimbric*,] from *Cimbri*, the primæval and general name of all the *Celtic nations*, by which in all ages, from earlieſt antiquity, they were known; and by which the Welſh, to this day, call themſelves, and have done ſo uninterruptedly from remoteſt times.—The term *Cambrian* is derived from *Geoffrey of Monmouth's* fable of *Camber*, who, if we believe him, was the third ſon of *Brutus* See the note in p. 7.

3. CHORUS

3.

CHORUS I.

Behold! he comes, a brother dear!
Comes from our Parent Land!
He, welcom'd in with joy ſincere!
Shall join our ſocial band.
Around him thus fraternal throngs,
With gladden'd ſouls are preſs'd;
Oh! let us, with exulting ſongs,
Bid hail the friendly gueſt!

4.

We Britain's nervous tongue retain,
In ſongs of high renown;
It form'd the *Druid's* myſtic ſtrain,
A language ſtill our own:
Though ſavage robbers, ruthleſs foes,
For ages throng'd our coaſt;
We 're ſtill the ſame in ſpite of thoſe,
Be this our endleſs boaſt.

5. Con-

5.

Concordant as our tuneful harp,
Our glowing hearts we find;
O! let no jarring paſſions warp
The true-born *Briton's* mind:
Sweet muſic from the *Cimbric* lyre,
Charms high the ſocial breaſt:
With joys that glad the ſeraph choir,
We feel our ſouls impreſs'd.

6.

CHORUS 2*.

New, brothers, come, we 'll hold them dear,
Sons of our Parent Land!
Raiſe high the ſhouts of joy ſincere!
They join our ſocial band.

* This chorus to be ſung always, omitting the others, when there are two or more members to be initiated at the ſame time. When only one member is initiated, then ſing the firſt or laſt chorus, or both ſucceſſively.

Around

Around them whilſt fraternal throngs,
With CIMBRIC *warmth are preſs'd;*
We, gleeful, in exulting ſongs,
Hail each a friendly gueſt!

7.

Proud ROME would fain, for ages long,
Impoſe the victor's yoke;
But CIMBRIC ſouls, in valour ſtrong,
The chain of ſlav'ry broke.
The *Saxon* fierce could ne'er ſubdue
The dauntleſs *Britiſh* mind;
Our ſpirit high, to freedom true,
The world ſhall ever find.

8.

Paſt is the Winter, ſtorms are flown,
Now Summer ſcenes we trace;,
A remnant ſtill, in high renown,
Of *Britain's ancient race:*
Whilſt *ancient Virtue's* juſt controul
Rules each *old Briton's* breaſt,

Be

Be now the joys of ev'ry ſoul
In gleeful ſongs expreſs'd.

9.

CHORUS 3.

Of worth approv'd, a brother dear;
Comes from our Parent Land!
Fill high the glaſs of joy ſincere!
He joins our ſocial band.
Around him whilſt fraternal throngs,
With native warmth are preſs'd;
Receive him with triumphant ſongs!
Bid hail the friendly gueſt!

SONNET,

SONNET,

WRITTEN IN 1790,

To the Memory of my Mother, who died Aug. 20, 1770.

SINCE firſt I mourn'd thee number'd with the dead,
I 've known diſtreſs in ev'ry woful form,
Through twice ten years—and o'er my batter'd head
With felleſt rage has blown the wint'ry ſtorm.
Oh, my *loſt mother!*—ſtill I weep for thee—
Safe in thy care I paſs'd through feeble youth;
Unſchool'd beſide, I, tutor'd at thy knee,
Caught from thy lips the ſacred lore of truth.
Heav'n, in thy looks, beam'd on my tender mind,
Till dawn'd the Muſe—in thoughts by thee refin'd,
How kindled through my ſoul her pureſt flame!
Whilſt Memory the briny tear ſupplies,
In anguiſh, pointing to ſupernal ſkies,
I teach my liſping babes to *bleſs thy name!*

RURAL FELICITY.

A PASTORAL.

1.

THE mellow-ton'd blackbird, ſaluting the morn,
Invites me to ramble the fields;
Where daiſies, bedew'd, the green meadows adorn,
And the MUSE her ſoft quietude yields.
On the down of dull Sloth let the ſtupid recline,
And doſe their beſt moments away;
To paſs with my flocks the ſtill morning be mine,
And ſing the ſoft beauties of May.

2. I ſing

2.

I ſing and rejoice that cold Winter is flown;
The ſtorms are no more in the ſky:
Beneath a green buſh I can ſafely ſit down,
And to ſong the ſweet moment apply.
How loves my warm ſoul the gay paſtoral reed!
Simplicity's natural ſtrain;
To pipe on the mountains, or ſing in the mead,
The joys of a peaceable ſwain.

3.

Thou lark of the ſkies, whilſt thy muſical ſong
Enlivens the welkin around;
Yon cuckoo, reſponſive, theſe woodlands along
Bids the voice of glad tidings reſound:
And whilſt, with new day, the ſweet warblings encreaſe,
And melody ſwells in the grove,
I ſing of the placid enjoyments of Peace,
The ſoothing endearments of Love.

4.

No purſuits of Ambition, no craving for wealth,
My well-guarded paſſions annoy;
Humble thoughts I poſſeſs, and the riches of health,
Infallible ſources of joy.
Though my flock I ſoon count, though my cot is
but ſmall,
They what 's needful to Nature impart;
I 'm poſſeſs'd of *Content*, and, a bliſs above all,
Poſſeſs'd of my *Phillida's heart*.

5.

To the white-clover'd paſtures my lambkins I lead,
Well pleas'd with the beautiful hues
Of numberleſs blooms that enamel the mead,
Of herbage refreſh'd by the dews.
I 'll ſit on this bank, its high fragrance inhale,
Around the ſweet marjoram ſprings;
And liſten whilſt, milking her cows in the dale,
My charmer, my Phillida, ſings.

6. With

6.

With her, arm in arm, ev'ry morn on the lawn,
I mark what new bloſſom appears;
What new plumy viſitant welcomes the dawn,
And the grove with new melody cheers.
Together we note what new beauties around
The moments progreſſive aſſume;
Of Plenty prophetic, the goſſamer'd ground *,
Or thorn heavy-laden with bloom †.

7. At

* *The goſſamer'd ground.*] The following is an old Welſh proverb:

Gwanwyn a gwawn,
Llogell yn llawn.

In Engliſh,

A goſſamery Spring
Will chearful Plenty bring.

† *Thorn heavy-laden with bloom.*] Another proverb ſays,

Blwyddyn ogfaenog,
Blwyddyn arianog.

7.

At ev'ning we ſeek our much-honour'd alcove,
Repoſe on its moſs-cover'd ſeat;
And here we recount our firſt feelings of love,
The ſongs of our paſſion repeat.
'Twas firſt in this arbour, then, heedleſs of art,
How faulter'd my tongue in the tale!
I told my dear charmer the wiſh of my heart;
The wiſh that did ſweetly prevail.

8.

Ye dupes of Deluſion, enjoy thoſe delights
Ye ſeek in your full-flowing bowls;

In Engliſh,

When haws abound,
Smiles Wealth around.

That diſpoſition of earth and air, as affected by moiſture, cold, &c. which is favourable to the fruits of the earth, and productive of plenty, will be always evinced by the *ſpontaneous productions of Nature*, the plenty of one, and the ſcarcity of another. *Ruſtic* is often more uſefully intelligent than *ſcholaſtic* philoſophy.

In

In haunts of Obſcenity waſte your dull nights;
  Falſe pleaſure enſlaving your ſouls:
Whilſt I the true bleſſings of *Nature* enjoy,
  See *Virtue*, ſee *Reaſon*, approve;
Enjoyments domeſtic that never can cloy;
  The ſweets of legitimate Love!

SONNET,

In the Welſh Manner,

TO A HAYCOCK.

THOU ſoft little Haycock, reclin'd on thy breaſt,
I give my warm thoughts to ſweet numbers of ſong;
With ſilence around, in thy fragrance I reſt,
And lead my wild fancies all ſportive along.
Here, ſoftly retiring, I quit the dull throng
That love the loud laugh, or nonſenſical jeſt;
By the *Muſe* I 'm forſaken, my feelings I wrong,
When in *Folly's* vain rout I 'm a comfortleſs gueſt:

Obſervant of *Reaſon*, their mirth I deteſt:
How, ſtunn'd by their din, are my ſenſes oppreſs'd!
I *Simplicity* love, and to *Nature* am true;
Let *Faſhion* be ſtill in her frippery dreſs'd,
I 'm in her *vile circle* a ſtranger unbleſs'd;
She 's the *Siſter of Kings*—I muſt bid her adieu.

ODE

ODE

TO

SOLITUDE,

WRITTEN IN 1782.

I.

TO thy lone dell, meek SOLITUDE,
I fly with wiſtful haſte;
O let my life in peace conclude
Amid thy ſylvan waſte.
No fanes of proud Ambition riſe,
Their golden domes amid thy ſkies;
But NATURE ſtill thy monarch reigns:
In ſome lone cavern of thy rocks,
O let me dwell, and tend my flocks,
A ſhepherd on thy plains.

2.

PRIDE in thy cot can ſee no charm,
Nor pomp, nor flatt'ry, find;
Nor can thy ſcenes of beauty warm,
Dull FASHION'S *vulgar* mind *.
Yet GUILT, with ſelf-abhorring look,
Haunts, in the ſtorm, thy ſpectred nook,
There meditates the dread relief:
And with DESPAIR'S vile dagger ends,
Or on the branch accurs'd ſuſpends,
His horrid load of grief.

3.

But VIRTUE finds the calm of PEACE
In thy ſequeſter'd grove;

* *Dull Faſhion's vulgar mind.*] What can be more *vulgar* than that which enables *fools*, *thieves*, *raſcals* of every deſcription, *oiſter-wenches*, and the moſt infamous *ſtrumpets*, to rival, in outward appearances, *Kings* and *Queens*, *Peers* and *Peereſſes*, and all the head-bitten brood of vanity.

Feels ev'ry ſtormy paſſion ceaſe;
All ſoften'd into love.
Where, walking TRUTH's unerring ways,
No ſordid thought the boſom ſways;
No glooms of guilt invade the mind;
Thy ſwain, whom NATURE's beauty warms,
Sees in thy wilds a thouſand charms
Unſpeakably refin'd.

4.

I mark what vary'd ſcenes ariſe,
Delightful to the view;
Bright NATURE meets th' unweary'd eyes,
Like HEAV'N, for ever new *.

How

* *Like* HEAV'N, *for ever new.*] A kind of *Wallicism* in ſentiment.—According to the ancient *Bardic* or *Druidic* Theology, the ſtates of exiſtence above that of *Humanity*, which are thoſe of happineſs, are eternally undergoing the moſt delightful *renovations*, in endleſs ſucceſſion; without which no *finite being* could ever endure the *tædium* of ETERNITY. The Welſh word for

How ſweet, when Spring, with rich exceſs,
Robes in bright hues the wilderneſs;
Strews ay profuſion o'er the green;
Dwells, eagerly, the raviſh'd look
On penſile grove or purling brook,
Wild Beauty's lovely ſcene!

5.

O come! thou MUSE of rural ſong,
Thy bliſsful thrills impart;
And, leading dulcet thoughts along,
Pervade my glowing heart:
Here, 'ſcaping from inſulting pow'r,
I give to thee my penſive hour,
And walk unſeen thy peaceful groves,
Or mountain's height, or humble vale,
Where, ſportive as the morning gale,
The charmer FANCY roves.

Heaven is *nefoedd*, which ſignifies *novations*, or *renovations*. All theological terms, or moſt of them, in the *Welſh language*, are derived from *Druidiſm*.

6.

Enjoy thy palace, wealthy PRIDE!
Far from thy baleful eye,
With calm CONTENT I 'll here abide,
And on her boſom die.
Whilſt Hope can ev'ry grief controul,
And wing to HEAV'N my fervent ſoul,
I call FELICITY my own;
How vain the pile AMBITION rears;
How thorn'd with woful care appears
That *bauble* call'd a crown!

7.

Whilſt MONARCHS mount the VICTOR's car—
The world in fetters bind;—
Be mine, with paſſions ne'er at war,
An empire o'er my mind.
Roll, glaring POMP, thy flaming eyes,
And bid thy front aſſail the ſkies;

I treat

I treat thy name with manly ſcorn:
The MUSE *my* wreath of PEACE beſtows;
'Tis deck'd with VIRTUE's lovely roſe,
That *roſe without a thorn.*

8.

Whilſt TRUTH unfolds her ſacred lore,
Wild ERROR to correct,
Shall WISDOM, from that ample ſtore,
Her maxims well ſelect.
I, nam'd in HEAV'N of NATURE's band,
Hear, from on high, the great command,
And print it on my docile heart.
Say, bulky WEALTH, can all thy ſtores,
All that thy groveling world adores,
A gold like this impart.

9.

Thus, tuneful MUSE, in tranſport riſe
On wings of REASON ſtrong;

Far

Far ſpeed thy flight through native ſkies,
Bright realms of ſacred ſong:
There only found, oh! bring us thence
The tranquil heart of INNOCENCE,
Th' unſhaken ſoul, with *Virtue* fraught,
Reſtore us thence, of note ſublime,
What grac'd of old the *Bardic rhyme*,—
Bright WISDOM's poliſh'd thought.

10.

With thee let bold CONCEPTION roam,
Search all that FANCY views;
She, walking HEAV'N, is yet at home,
Nor aught unmeet purſues;
To ſcan CREATION's dark profound,
Let GENIUS trace th' amazing round;
On fearleſs TRUTH's great errand bent,
That the *tremendous wild* explores!
Or to the SOURCE ETERNAL ſoars
With REASON's free conſent!

II.

Aſcends my ſoul the ſtarry ſkies,
Or ſcans this earthly ball;
Still the great PARENT meets her eyes,
Omnipotent in all;
I ſhrink to nothing at his throne;
Where countleſs worlds, before unknown,
Speed unto life at his command:
His word th' eternal fabric rears,
All NOTHING, till its birth appears
From his ALMIGHTY hand.

12.

Hearing each *atom's* feeble call,
HE lives th' ETERNAL GREAT;
In pow'r benign reigns ALL IN ALL;
CREATOR uncreate.
How radiant, through the vaſt immenſe,
Streams his DIVINE BENEVOLENCE;

HE

He dips my ſoul in that bright flame.
Sing thou, my Muse; bid worlds around,
Bid harps of Angels, catch the ſound,
The glories of his name.

13.

Thou ſoon ſhalt paſs the gulph of Death,
To yon cœleſtial clime;
Shalt there exert thy tuneful breath,
In Rapture's hymn ſublime:
Shalt, through yon vault ſupernal, raiſe
Thy ſongs of gratitude and praiſe;
With choral worlds thy ſkill employ.
There, whilſt eternal ages roll,
Shall Truth, laid open, fill thy ſoul
With Heav'n's immortal joy.

14.

Theſe, thy warm thoughts, dear Solitude,
Expand my thrilling breaſt;
Nor *Care*, nor black *Ingratitude*,
My moments here moleſt.

Where,

Where, all beſides of comfort flown,
No friend but HEAV'N I call my own;
I dwell from *worthleſs man* apart,
To NATURE come—am ſtill her child,
The ſilence of her ſylvan wild,
Can eaſe my troubled heart.

PASTORAL

PASTORAL SONG,

On improving a natural Arbour.

WRITTEN IN 1780.

1.

THE wilder'd luxuriance of thorn,
With tendrils of woodbine I blend;
Late ev'ning, or dew-ſpangled morn,
The taſk I with pleaſure attend;
Here dreſſing, my Delia, for thee
This arbour, deep hid in the grove;
Come, charmer, and viſit with me,
This peaceable manſion of Love.

2. Here

2.

Here often, from walking the dale,
I fly for a ſilent receſs;
And to ſong give my dolorous tale
Of Love, and its tender exceſs:
Or, penſive, I ramble the brake,
From all my companions apart;
Whilſt, fair as yon ſwan of the lake,
My Delia prevails in my heart.

3.

My thought ever dwells on thy form,
And my heart lives in conſtant alarms;
'Tis toſs'd, like a wave in the ſtorm,
When Delia flies far from my arms.
Thou, for whom all my ſongs are in tune,
New ſongs where thy beauties I trace;
In ſmiles, like the mornings of June,
Return to thy Colin's embrace.

4. White

4.

White clover beſprinkles the plain;
In thickets wild roſes abound;
The birds in a muſical vein
Sing ſweet in full chorus around.
Far flown is the Winter's cold hour;
'Tis Summer—all charming and gay;—
We ſafely may ſit in the bow'r,
And love the ſweet moments away.

SIMILIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

I, pleas'd with Nature's vary'd forms,
Eye *Summer blooms*, or *Wintry ſtorms:*
But little truſt the ſmiling ſky,
For, the fierce tempeſt may be nigh;
Yet, with warm hope, my ſongs attune,
To thy fair morn, O *roſy June!*
It paints what Virtue's children find;
The joys of a contented mind.
When ends in death my wintry day;
When life's *black ſtorms* are flown away;
Then ſhall I wake, and ſweetly ſing
The beauties of *immortal Spring:*
Where warbles to the ſportive gale
An Angel's harp in ev'ry dale:
Where, from the glorious FOUNT OF LIGHT,
In rays of TRUTH divinely bright,

Falls,

Falls, whilſt unending ages roll,
Eternal ſunſhine on the ſoul.
This life of ſad mortality
My ſtartled eyes in Winter ſee.
Whilſt earth and ſkies deep glooms deform,
Where ſhall I ſhelter from the ſtorm?
Where, peaceful, paſs the ſullen hours,
Whilſt, wide around, the tempeſt pours,
And rolls the deluge o'er the plain?—
I ſeek around—I ſeek in vain!
Ere the rude Pole, with howling ſound,
Flung ſnows obſtructive all around,
Yon harmleſs warbler, ev'ry day,
Tun'd on the wall his merry lay,
Succeſsful ſought his daily food,
In his known dale, or native wood:
Now, ſhiv'ring, from inclement ſkies,
He to yon cot for ſhelter flies;
Hopes there, within protecting walls,
To pick the ſcanty crumb that falls;

With timid caution hops along,
And begs admittance in a ſong:
But, with fell glance, the talon'd cat,
Or, train'd a brute, th' unruly brat,
Watch the poor bird with anxious care,
To kill, or catch him in a ſnare:
Ill-treated thus, th' unwelcom'd gueſt
Flits round the room, but finds no reſt:
His plaintive note for mercy calls—
No moans avail—he quickly falls
The friendleſs prey to ſordid minds;
And, in *vain hope*, deſtruction finds.
Thus we rely on fancy'd friends;
But all are ſway'd by ſelfiſh ends.
Oh, man, beware! their baneful art,
Will ſuck thy blood, will drain thy heart.
Meek Robin, in this hoſtile cot,
Well pictures-out our frequent lot:
Life's leſſer ills we ſtrive to ſhun,
And, in th' attempt, are oft undone.

SONNET.

SONNET.

Digon Duw da i unig.——Welſh Proverb.

The deſtitute, having God, has enough.

WHEN lambkins in the daiſy'd meads appear,
And in my vernal paths the clover ſprings,
When ſtorms are over, and the cuckoo ſings,
Proclaims, with notes of joy, the ſummer near;
Cheer'd in its warmth, I 'll bleſs the coming year,
And try once more, on Hope's new-feather'd wings,
To fly from Grief, whoſe unremitting ſtings
Give to my fading eyes the daily tear.
Friend of the mourner, that, by faithleſs man,
Led through dark roads, a ſtranger weeps forlorn,
Hold out thy hand—oh! hear my ſadden'd voice;
For in its wide embrace thy mercy can
Afford relief, and bid me ceaſe to mourn;
Thou, though the glooms are deep, canſt bid my ſoul rejoice.

EPITAPH ON A COCKNEY.

HERE *Tippy Bob*, the Cockney, lies,
Who thought himſelf *immenſely* wiſe;
His giggling ſoul, with fix'd intent,
Was on the *froth* of pleaſure bent:
He paſs'd through life, on *Faſhion's* plan,
More like a *monkey* than a man:
But, as an epitaph ſhould praiſe,
Hear, trav'ller, what the marble ſays!
To JUSTICE true, this brainleſs elf
Reliev'd the world, and hang'd himſelf.

EPIGRAM.

EPIGRAM.

Yr aderyn a fegir yn Uffern, yn Uffern y myn drig.

He, born and bred in Hell, *will fain*
A Devil ſtill in Hell *remain.*

FLIRTILLA loves the ſmoky town,
Filth, buſtle, pomp, and calls him clown
That ſees a charm in *Nature's* face:
But hear its truth a proverb tell!
"The *monkey*, born and bred in *Hell*,
"Prefers to *Heav'n* his native place."

THE HOLIDAY PRIZE,

A PASTORAL.

STREPHON. COLIN.

1.

'TWAS ev'ning, benign were the ſkies,
We met where the maypole was rear'd;
And, warm for the Holiday Prize,
Two ſwains in the conteſt appear'd;
Two ſhepherds renown'd on the plains
For ſkill in the paſtoral ſong:
And thus, in delectable ſtrains,
Were led the gay carols along.

2. STREPHON.

2.

STREPHON.

How ſweet o'er the full-flowing bowl,
When gleeful companions are met,
With joy to repleniſh the ſoul,
And toils of the day to forget;
When ſocial enjoyment runs high,
[illegible]
The frowns of dull care I defy,
For mirth is at home in my breaſt.

3.

COLIN.

When twilight grows dim on the plains,
Tis ſweet with my DELIA to rove,
Where nightingales warble their ſtrains,
And quiet prevails in the grove;
All haunts of rude mirth I forſake,
Avoiding its clamour and ſtrife;
But keep every feeling awake,
To nobler enjoyments of life.

4.

STREPHON.

The huntſman with merry-ton'd horn,
Bids valleys and mountains reſound;
And early goes out in the morn,
To chaſe the fleet hare o'er the ground:
With him through thick woodlands I fly,
[illegible] dangers, wild rivers, and rocks;
Whilſt muſical hounds, in full cry,
Run ſwift in purſuit of the fox.

5.

COLIN.

More pleas'd with the dangerleſs hour,
I plant in my garden the roſe;
Or muſe in my jeſſamine bow'r,
Where nigh the ſweet eglantine blows;
And, pleas'd with the blackbird and thruſh,
I walk the green meadows along;
Or, under the bloom-cover'd buſh,
I ſit and attend to their ſong.

6. STREPHON.

6.

STREPHON.

In ſports of the turf I delight,
The ſwift-running ſteeds of the race;
When holiday gambols invite,
I ev'ry gay moment embrace;
When mirthful at eve on the mead,
We lead the gay paſtime along,
Through the rounds of its rapture I ſpeed;
The frolic, the dance, and the ſong.

7.

COLIN.

More uſefully ſpending the day,
My flocks I 'll attend on the down;
Where, fled from all follies away,
The moments are ſweetly my own;
I pleaſures approv'd by the wiſe
In ſcenes of tranquillity ſeek;
The nobleſt enjoyments ariſe
From thoughts that are peaceful and meek.

8.

STREPHON.

Through thickets with CHLORIS I walk;
I fondle with PHILLIS the fair;
AMYNTA can mirthfully talk,
How charming her ſhape and her air;
I, chief of the muſical ſwains,
Could I wiſh to be fetter'd for life;
Might cull from the nymphs of our plains
The faireſt of all for my wife.

9.

COLIN.

My DELIA, for modeſty fam'd,
For a ſoul that can folly deſpiſe;
My beautiful DELIA that 's nam'd
By none but the good and the wiſe;
I lov'd her with paſſion unfeign'd,
For mental endowments alone;
The wiſh of my ſoul is obtain'd,
For, wedlock has made her my own.

10.

The prize was a pipe of renown,
It came from a region remote;
It's warblings at eve on the down
Out-rival'd the nightingale's note;
Whilſt loud approbation declar'd
The wiſh of th' unanimous throng;
This pipe was proclaim'd the reward
Of COLIN's unparallel'd ſong.

EPIGRAM.

Tranſlated from the Welſh, which is ſaid to be a Tranſlation from the Italian of BOCCACE; *by Dr.* JOHN DAVID RHYS, *in the Time of Queen* ELIZABETH.

1.

BENEATH the wide-extending ſkies,
How many things we view,
That ſtrike our unexpecting eyes,
With mode entirely *new!*

2.

Nor *new* I deem what days of yore,
Ey'd in its outline faint;
But things we never knew before,
Or only thought could paint.

3. Ye

3.

Ye Gods! whilſt thus my thoughts purſue,
New fancies without end;
When ſhall I ſee that *wonder new*,
An *old* and *faithful* FRIEND!

GOD SAVE THE KING,

A Song of PROPHECIES, *that will, it is hoped and believed by many, be fulfilled in the Reign of*

GEORGE THE FOURTH.

This is alſo intended, thl a better appears, as a ſubſtitute, which the pacific world wiſhes to ſee, for that old *War Song of Britiſh Savages*, which, by way of ſupplicating the ALMIGHTY, has the *blaſphemous* expreſſion of "*ſcatter his enemies, and make them fall,*" inſtead of praying that their hearts might be changed, and all enmity rooted out of them, and which (horrid to relate) has lately, too frequently, and accompanied by the choral organ, rent the lofty vaults of places, that, in better though leſs enlightened ages, have been dedicated to the worſhip of the PRINCE OF PEACE.—Oh! Prieſtcraft!

I.

HARK! from the Trump of Fame,
GEORGE is the favour'd name,
Loud echoes ring:

GEORGE,

GEORGE, with true glory crown'd,
Shall in our ſong reſound,
Through the wide world around,
GOD ſave the King.

2.

Diſcord now flies away,
Shuns the bright face of day,
Far on the wing:
Britons, that Peace adore,
Bleſs'd as in days of yore,
Carol from ſhore to ſhore,
GOD ſave the King.

3.

Peace like an Angel ſmiles,
And all the Britiſh Iſles,
Joyfully ſing;
Hailing the bliſsful day,
Reaſon's new-dawning ray,
GEORGE, and his lenient ſway,
GOD ſave the King.

4. LIBERTY'S

4.

LIBERTY's bounteous hand
Shall o'er the ſmiling land
HAPPINESS fling;
Bid, in its wide increaſe,
Wars and oppreſſion ceaſe,
Tune we the ſongs of Peace,
GOD ſave the King.

5.

Sons of BRITANNIA's land,
Let us, a loyal band,
Together cling;
Bold in the glorious cauſe,
GEORGE and BRITANNIA's laws,
Warm as the world's applauſe,
GOD ſave the King.

Copies of the firſt haſty draught of this trifle, conſiſting then of three ſtanzas, were given to a few friends, by which means it found its way into ſome of

of the daily papers.—GOULDING, the *ballad* and *fiddle-monger*, of *James-ſtreet, Covent garden*, claimed the *Welſh Bard's* little fugitive for *his own*, and ſet it to very *dull* muſic, after having mangled it to his mind.—At OXFORD, *a bedoctored Song-wright*, diveſting it of its original pacific ſentiments, pinned an additional ſtanza (like a diſh-clout) to its tail, full of, doubtleſs very proper, ſeverity againſt poor TOM PAINE.—*Alas! poor Song!*

THE

THE HORRORS OF WAR,

A PASTORAL.

Written in Anſwer to a Soldier's Requeſt, about the Time when the News arrived of General ELLIOT'S *Atchievements at Gibraltar.*

AMYNTOR. CORYDON.

I.

AMYNTOR.

STILL, CORYDON, ſtill on the plain,
In joyleſs obſcurity waſting thy days;
Unheedful, an indolent ſwain,
Whilſt honour invites, and lays open her ways!

This life of a ſhepherd forſake,
More brilliant employments of glory purſue;
To nobler conceptions awake,
Keep deathleſs renown, a ſole object, in view:
Thou, known to the nations around,
Shalt live, with bright Fame's immortality crown'd.

2.

CORYDON.

Contented I live on my farm,
And all the proud ſons of Ambition deſpiſe;
Thy ſoul feels a conſtant alarm,
Is toſs'd in a ſtorm, on a ſhadow relies.
Where cheerful tranquillity reigns,
And Virtue's true joys are more valued than wealth,
O! give me the peaceable plains;
The pleaſures that flow from Contentment and Health:
Unknown to the vultures of Pride,
I 'll humbly, through life, a meek ſhepherd abide.

3.

AMYNTOR.

But thou canſt the muſical verſe
Energic, attune to the trumpet of Fame;
Canſt Valour's atchievements rehearſe,
The glories, unrival'd, of heroes proclaim.
Then bid thy bold numbers reſound,
And give all thy ſoul to the rapture of ſong;
With bright Immortality crown'd,
Thy Muſe ſhall be led in her laurels along:
See the field where her enemy lies,
And Victory's ſhouts are aſcending the ſkies.

4.

CORYDON.

And haſt thou no boſom to feel
The weapon of Death in that enemy's heart;
Oh! how can the ſlaughtering ſteel
Such horrible warmth to thy wiſhes impart!
Let harden'd Brutality raiſe
Her ſhout to the ſkies, and with miſery jeſt,

Deep

Deep Sorrow ſhall mourn in my lays;
I warriors abhor, and their fame I deteſt,
Who, drowning Humanity's voice,
Can, wading through blood, with Infernals rejoice.

5.

AMYNTOR.

For valour and conqueſt renown'd,
[illegible], the hero revere;
Whilſt beaming effulgence around,
He walks like a giant in Glory's career;
When home he returns from the war,
What ſongs of applauſes reſound in his ways!
He triumphs in Victory's car,
And voices imperial are loud in his praiſe;
The world ſhall its warriors adore,
When monarchs entomb'd are remember'd no more.

6.

CORYDON.

No cries of weak orphans avail,
Whilſt calling on fathers that never return;

Sad

Sad widows, unpity'd, bewail,
See thouſands, unheeded, in miſery mourn;
War's fell deſolation extends,
O'erwhelming the land like a hurricane wide:
Whilſt gladden'd Ferocity rends
The glittering domes of tyrannical Pride;
Where, claſs'd with the mercileſs great,
The warrior at ſoul is a demon complete.

7.

AMYNTOR.

I now to the battle repair,
No dangers of death can my boſom appall;
I 'll hurl through the thundering air
The lightnings of death on the treacherous GAUL:
A ſcourger of inſolent SPAIN,
At BRITAIN's command like an eagle I fly;
I 'll wade through the blood of her ſlain,
A ſon of renown, I will conquer or die;
Thus, ranking with heroes of old,
Shall the fields that I won through long ages be told.

8. CORYDON.

8.

CORYDON.

The GAUL and the SPANIARD I deem
Friends, innocent neighbours, and brothers to me;
More warm in my peaceful eſteem,
When ſlander'd by deſpots, and worried by thee;
When roars thy rude cannon aloud,
And utters thy ſoul in its horrible breath;
Deſpiſing thy ſycophant crowd,
I mourn, ſorely mourn, for thoſe victims of death.
Talk no more of thy pupil of Fame,
I've a ſoul that abhors his deteſtable name.

9.

AMYNTOR.

I frighten away from the land
Each inſolent foe that would ſorely moleſt;
And guard with my death-dealing hand,
The peace and the plenty by ſhepherds poſſeſs'd.
The ruſtic, at eaſe in his cot,
May ſtartle, when roars the loud cannon afar;

But

But all that can charm in his lot,
Stern Valour protects and the terrors of war:
Then join in the dignified song,
That rolls the bright glories of heroes along.

10.

CORYDON.

Would princes, like shepherds in peace,
The dictates of innocent NATURE obey,
AMBITION's wild ravings would cease;
The kindlers of discord would vanish away;
Then WISDOM, ineffably bright,
Would o'er the wide world in BENEVOLENCE reign
And LOVE, that meek angel of light,
With happiness crown'd would inhabit the plain;
With laws on BENIGNITY's plan,
Would REASON preside in the dwellings of man.

11.

AMYNTOR.

Then still in oblivion remain,
Thou shepherd, ignobly regardless of praise;

Wit

With cowardly ſheep on the plain,
In ſtagnant ruſticity waſting thy days:
I live the ſupport of a crown,
That centers in valour its ultimate aim *;

Con-

* *That centers in valour, &c.*] War and conqueſt are, generally ſpeaking, the *aim* and *ambition* of monarchs in all ages; to them the ſlaughtering of 40 or 50,000 ſubjects, whoſe families are thereby reduced to miſery and ruin, is a thing of no moment, though this anſwers no other end but that of gratifying the pride, reſentment, or avarice, of a very few individuals. It is obvionſly certain that *Chriſtianity*, with its inſeparably-attendant Arts and Sciences, has (notwithſtanding the vices that ſtill too much prevail) ſo far civilized its own part of the world, that the art of *war is learned no more*; *ſwords* have long ſince been *beat into ploughſhares*, and *ſpears into pruning-hooks* by all, except our ſtill *unchriſtianized* RULERS, and their *minions*. Were only the governments in this reſpect quieſcent, it is abſolutely certain, that in no country in Europe could any ſet of men, however ferocious and unprincipled, ſo aſſemble and embody themſelves together as to be able to commit public depredations on any neighbouring people; not the leaſt diſpoſition to any outrage of this nature remains amongſt thoſe who conſtitute the great majority of the BRITISH nation; and the ſame may be ſaid of every other *Chriſtian* nation. When *Church and State* are equally civilized with

Conſigning my deeds of renown,
To nations unborn that ſhall honour my name:
Whilſt blended with glories of kings,
My fame in the trump of loud ecſtacy rings.

12.

CORYDON.

I ſee thy deteſtable heart,
To ſlav'ry ſubdu'd by the demon of Pride;
But nought of ſophiſtical Art
Can the tinge of thy ſoul, and its villanies hide:
Go combat thoſe inſolent foes,
The paſſions malignant that rule in thy breaſt:
Where humble BENEVOLENCE glows,
The vot'ries of PEACE are eternally bleſt:
True glories await them above,
Where life never ends, in the manſions of LOVE!

thoſe Communities, over whom they ſtill *rule with rods of iron*, the *Chriſtian world* will no longer ſee *nation lift up ſword againſt nation.*

PRUDENCE,

PRUDENCE, AN EPIGRAM.

In the Welſh Manner *.

JACK SAGE obſerv'd, us'd eyes and ears,
Reſtrain'd his hopes, ſubdu'd his fears;
Watch'd o'er his heart, could rule his brain,
Turn'd o'er his thoughts, and turn'd again;
To *Liberty* gave up his mind,
But cloſely kept his tongue *confin'd*.

* The chief excellence of the *Welſh* epigram, in general, like that of the ancient *Greeks*, does not conſiſt in that ſilly thing, and "falſe pretence to wit," called *point*; but in a ſtriking idea or ſentiment, diffuſed through the whole.

SONNET.

A Paraphraſe on the Welſh Motto in the Title Page.

WHERE Nature's purer joys are all my own,
I ſing the cares of LOVE in tender verſe;
And oft at VIRTUE's honour'd call rehearſe
Deeds that embalm her ſons of high renown:
With ſylvan PEACE, from tinſell'd FOLLY flown,
Here FANCY dwells, and meets my raptur'd ſight,
School'd by the Muſe of TRUTH; and in her light
I live, with REASON, to the world unknown.
I love the MUSE, adore her name, for ſhe
Smiles on my ſoul, is ALL THE WORLD to me,
When, rapt in thought ſublime, her fervor glows;
Though, for her ſake, ills undeſerv'd I feel,
Friends, lov'd relations, all! with heart of ſteel,
Becauſe *I love the Muſe* are now my *bitter foes.*

PASTORAL.

PASTORAL.

In the Welſh Manner *.

1.

AN arbour ſequeſter'd I found,
Of hawthorn, with woodbines attir'd;
'Tis hid by green thickets around,
'Tis by my dear Phillis admir'd;
I led her one day to the place,
From all obſervation apart;
And, urg'd with a lover's embrace,
I told her the tale of my heart!

* There is nothing in the *Welſh* poetic taſte, however defective in other reſpects it may appear, *abſurdly* derived from the mythology, ſentiments, and ſcenery, of the *Greek* and *Roman* Poets; but all is the *natural* growth of BRITAIN.

2.

See, Phillis, the gladneſs of Love,
On ev'ry ſweet object impreſs'd;
It ſoftly diſtils from above,
To ſoothe our afflictions to reſt;
Though ſaddeſt misfortunes ariſe,
Aſſuming each terrible form;
Love's willing attention ſupplies
A ſhield that can baffle the ſtorm.

3.

Unbleſt are all thoſe who decline
What Love, only Love, can beſtow!
Nought elſe can our pleaſures refine,
Nought elſe of true comfort we know;
'Twill brighten the gloom of our days,
'Twill keep our beſt feelings awake;
O! let us, avoiding delays,
Of Love's balmy raptures partake.

4. Obſerve

4.

Obſerve the gay thickets and vales,
The ſkies that are fulgent above;
The fragrance we breathe in the gales;
All die with the ſeaſon of Love!
For, all that is charming of Spring,
The Summer's high fervor will burn;
And, bearing the ſtorm on it's wing,
Stern Winter will quickly return.

5.

How ſweet are the valleys of May!
Delicious the mornings of June!
We 'll prize them, be jocund and gay,
To joy the new carol attune;
The birds have a muſical ſtrain!
How fragrant the beautiful roſe!
But, ſeeking, we ſeek them in vain,
When woodlands are cover'd with ſnows.

6.

Our moments inceſſantly waſte,
  Soon vaniſh unheeded away;
Youth flies on the pinions of haſte,
  Nor liſtens to mortal delay;
Then let us, my Phillis, improve
  Our time that is dwindling apace,
And, yielding to Nature and Love,
  The joy that's allow'd us embrace!

SONNET.

SONNET.

In the Welſh Manner.

DEAR NAN, at thy command, I ſtring a *Sonnet*,
And muſt in rhyme ſurpaſs th' *Italian* ſkill,
Full fourteen lines with flimſy jingle fill.
What fools we lovers are—I 've thus begun it—
The taſk is hard, but yet I dare not ſhun it—
I 'll perſevere, and bid the Muſe diſtill
Strength on my thought from her inſpiring rill.
Till to the length requir'd I 've neatly ſpun it.
But when at laſt thy fetter'd Bard has done it,
Poor is the thought—the ſentiment how chill!—
See where he ſtands!—Knight of the daſhing quill!—
Bewigg'd a critic, and he 'll poop upon it—
But let the witleſs growler have his will;
I bargain'd for thy kiſs, and have now fairly won it.

EPIGRAM.

The following Welſh proverb verſified:

"*A wnelo 'i hûn yn oen, a fwytteïr gan y blaidd.*"

"*He, that makes himſelf a lamb, will be eaten by the wolf.*"

A DAUNTLESS heart with caution keep,
Make not thyſelf a ſilly ſheep;
Or, in ſome wolf's rapacious pow'r,
He ſoon thy carcaſe will devour.

SONNET,

SONNET,

Written under Cheddar Cliffs, in Somerſetſhire, in April 1786.

GLAD is yon lark that ſoars on early wing,
With ſprightly carol to the riſing morn,
And glad the blackbird on yon budding thorn,
That hails, with ſongs of joy, returning ſpring.
Whilſt hearing from afar the ſhepherd ſing
Of blooms delightful that his meads adorn,
I walk through gloomy life, and here, forlorn,
Haunt craggy dells, where dolefal echoes ring,
A refugee from Spite's unwcary'd ſting.
By Rapine wrong'd, by Grief untimely worn,
Yet, ſtill by conſcious innocence upborn,
I call to thee, O! Heav'n's eternal King;
And, with a ſoul by tallon'd Envy torn,
Stand plaining at thy throne, and to thy mercy cling.

JOYS OF RURAL LIFE,

A PASTORAL,

Verſified in the Welſh Manner.*

I.

NOW bleak December's rifling gales
O'er hills and vales are ranging;
Dark ſkies forebode th' approaching ſtorm,
All Nature's form is changing.

From

* This little piece, which was written about the year 1770, is one of the author's firſt attempts in Engliſh Poetry, attempting alſo to try what effe a mode of verſification much uſed by the *Welſh Poets* would have in the *Engliſh* language. This *peculiarity* conſiſts in making the fourth ſyllable, whereon the pauſe lies, of the ſecond, fourth ſixth, a d eighth, lines of the ſtanza, rhyme to the laſt ſyllable of the firſt, third, fifth, and ſeventh, lines, inſtead of making the laſt ſyllables of the firſt and third lines,

From Northern ſkies what rigour flows,
We ſee the ſnows deſcending;
Whilſt o'er the pathleſs wild I rove,
The calls of Love attending.

2.

I ſeek the vale where NANCY dwells,
My fair excels in beauty;
She, well repaid by ſelf-applauſe,
Obeys the laws of duty;

lines, &c. rhyme together: this, perhaps, may not *pleaſe*; it may, poſſibly, *diſpleaſe*, an *Engliſh* ear: but the reader of *Welſh* Poetry very much admires it in his *own*, and, I believe, no leſs in the *Engliſh*, language.—The fundamental charm, perhaps, in the poetry of all languages, is no more than a certain *ſomething* which, by general cuſtom and frequent uſage, has been familiarized *to*, and is, conſequently, expected or ſought after *by*, the ear. Many of the moſt approved and harmonious kinds of WELSH verſe would ſound very *ſtrange*, and far from *agreeable* to an ENGLISHMAN; the ſame thing, I believe, may be ſaid of the *Greek* and *Roman* modes of verſification when attempted in the *Engliſh* language: and may not very ſimilar obſervations be made on *national* muſic?

What NATURE owns of charms refin'd,
Are all combin'd about her;
Nought but my NANCY fills my breaſt,
I cannot reſt without her.

3.

She, ſcorning wily tricks of Art,
Dares act the part of Nature;
Pride in her boſom never ſtorm'd,
Or once deform'd a feature.
Her ſteady ſoul was ne'er beguil'd
By ſchemes of wild Ambition;
Each wiſh that bids her feelings glow,
Suits well her low condition.

4.

On native plains ſhe tends a flock,
No greater ſtock poſſeſſing,
Contemning all the miſer's wealth,
She reckons health a bleſſing;
Pomp's fulſome feaſt with all its glare,
Will hardly bear the taſting;

But

But Virtue's joys are all her own,
And theſe alone are laſtihg.

5.

When Spring bedews the floral farms,
May's lovely charms reſuming;
Bids Health diffuſe its balmy gales,
Where hills and vales are blooming;
I range the downs, or verdant meads,
Whilſt ardor leads the fancy,
Obſerve what views, what beauties pleaſe,
And talk of theſe with NANCY.

6.

Now ſnows are on the mountains ſeen,
And cold and keen the weather;
To NANCY's vale I drive my ſheep,
Our flocks we keep together:
Whilſt on the ſhelt'ring thicket's marge,
Our fleecy charge is feeding,
I 'll ſing of NANCY's balmy kiſs,
The monarch's bliſs exceeding.

7. I through

7.

I through this world's bewilder'd way
Will night and day go with her;
We 'll walk along, avoiding ſtrife,
The maze of life together;
Now both our hearts by Love are join'd,
Each gladden'd mind conſenting;
We 'll let no jars, by Folly nurs'd,
Produce a curs'd repenting.

8.

Retir'd amongſt our native hills,
And far from ills of greatneſs,
We live, delighted with our lot,
And trim our cot with neatneſs;
We Wiſdom ſeek, and calm Content,
They both frequent our dwelling;
From theſe a deathleſs comfort ſprings,
The joys of King's excelling.

9.

We let no pride with vaunting air,
Nor ſordid care bewitch us;
Virtue ſhall guard our humble door,
Its ample ſtore enrich us.
There 's ONE who rules this earthly ball,
Beſtows on ALL his favours;
His PROVIDENCE, we firmly truſt,
Will crown our juſt endeavours.

ODE

O D E

ON CONVERTING

A SWORD INTO A PRUNING HOOK.

Recited on Primroſe Hill, at a Meeting of ANCIENT BRITISH BARDS, Reſidents in London, Sept. 22, 1793, being the Day whereon the Autumnal Equinox occurred, aud one of the four grand ſolemn Bardic Days *.

Gwir, yn erbyn y Byd.

Motto of the *Ancient Bards of Britain.*

In Engliſh—*Truth, againſt all the World!*

"*And they ſhall beat their ſwords into plough-ſhares, and their ſpears into pruning-hooks; nation ſhall not lift up ſword againſt nation; neither ſhall they learn war any more.*" ISAIAH, ch. ii ver. 4.

I.

FELL weapon, that in ruthleſs hand
Of warrior fierce, of deſpot king,

Haſt

* The four grand and ſolemn Bardic days are, of ancient uſage, the two equinoxes, and the two ſolſtices: the *new* and *full*

moons

Haſt long career'd o'er ev'ry land,
Haſt heard th' embattled clangor's ring;
Wrench'd from the graſp of *lawleſs Pride*,
With reeking gore no longer dy'd,

moons are alſo, ſubordinately, ſolemn Bardic days: theſe are the conſpicuous days, we may ſay *holidays*, of NATURE, and were, doubtleſs, obſerved long before the inſtitution of any other *ſolemn*, *ſabbatical*, or *feſtival*, days: this, and many other uſages of the *Ancient Britiſh Bards*, bear the ſtamp of, and are obviouſly retained from, remoteſt antiquity; theſe cuſtoms are not known to have been diſcontinued or ſuſpended in any age whatever, but have always, to the preſent day, been obſerved. This is a matter of no leſs *curioſity* than of *wonder* that it ſhould not have been long ago noticed; but the *Ancient Britiſh Bardiſm* has for ages been in the hands of thoſe who ranked not with the higher claſſes, and is retained only in thoſe very ſequeſtered and mountainous places that are ſeldom, if ever, viſited by literary men. *Bardiſm* has alſo been for time immemorial under ſome degree of perſecution; its regular profeſſors are known in *Glamorgan* by the nick-name of *Gwyr Cwm y felin*, and generally ſuppoſed to be *infidels*, *conjurors*, and we know not what. The *North Walian* BARDS, as they call themſelves, but improperly, of whoſe meetings we ſometimes of late meet with accounts, know nothing at all of the *ancient* and *genuine Bardiſm*.

I bear

I bear thee now to rural ſhades,
Where nought of Hell-born War invades;
Where plum'd AMBITION feels her little ſoul;
And hiding from the face of day
That dawns from HEAV'N, and drives away
Thoſe fiends that love *eternal Night*,
She, with rude yell, blaſphemes the SONS of LIGHT *,
That bid her deathful arm no more the world controul.

2.

I ſaw the *Tyrant* on her throne,
With wrathful eyes and venom'd breath,

* *Blaſphemes the Sons of Light.*] The renovated ſtate of religion, and of every thing elſe, promiſed to the world in the *Chriſtian prophecies*, is entirely ſubverſive of all the preſent eſtabliſhments in *Church and State*, and will of courſe, whenever any thing of it appears in the world, if it is to be a thing of this world, be oppoſed with might and main by the *prieſthoods*, &c. of every country; for this reaſon, the morning of the glorious day will be overcaſt with clouds, and very ſtormy.

Enjoy

Enjoy the world's unceaſing groan,
And boaſt, unſham'd, her fields of death;
When through the ſkies her banners wav'd,
When, *drunk with blood*, her legions rav'd,
Her *Prieſt* invok'd the *Realms above*,
Dar'd at thy throne, thou GOD of LOVE,
Call for the thunders of thy mighty will,
To ſtorm around the guiltleſs head,
To ſtrike a *peaceful brother* dead*;
Whilſt blaſphemies employ'd his tongue,
The gorgeous Temple with loud echoes rung;
I felt my ſhudd'ring ſoul with deepeſt horror chill.

3.

I ſaw the *Victor's* dreadful day,
He, through the world, in regal robe,

* *Strike a peaceful brother dead.*] What can we conceive ſo horrid as the blaſphemous idea of *wheedling* the ALMIGHTY to become a party in the *diabolical* contentions and *throat-cutting matches* of the great men of this, little leſs than, *infernal* world.

Tore

Tore to renown his gory way;
With carnage *zon'd* th' affrighted globe:
Whilſt from huge towns involv'd in flame
The *Monſter* claim'd immortal fame,
What lamentable ſhrieks aroſe,
In all th' exceſs of direſt woes!
Loud was the *Sycophant's* applauding voice:
Together throng'd the ſceptred band,
Hymn'd by the *Fiends* of ev'ry land:
How mourn'd my ſoul to hear the tale
Of ſad Humanity's unpity'd wail!
And each *Imperial dome* with horrid ſhouts rejoice!

4.

But hear from HEAV'N the dread command,
It gives to ſpeed that awful hour,
When from OPPRESSION's trembling hand
Muſt fall th' *inſulting rod of pow'r*;
Long vers'd in myſteries of war,
She ſcyth'd her huge triumphant car *;
Her

* *Scyth'd her huge triumphant car.*] Alluding to the war-chariots

Her lance with look infuriate hurl'd;
Bade fell Deſtruction ſweep the world;
She wing'd her CHURCHILL's name * from pole
to pole:
Now brought before th' *eternal throne*,
Where *Truth* prevails, all hearts are *known*,
She, ſelf-condemn'd, with horrid call,
Bids on her head the rocks and mountains fall,
To ſhield her from the wrath whoſe venging thunders roll.

5.

Thou, *ſtrength of Kings*, with aching breaſt,
I raiſe to Thee the mournful ſtrain;

riots of the *Ancient Britons*, that were on all ſides armed with long and ſharp *ſcythes*, as hiſtory tells us, which made terrible havoc, when they were furiouſly driven into the ranks of their enemies.

* *Her Churchill's name.*] *Churchill*, the warring *Duke of Marlborough*, was, in private life, a moſt execrable character; and ſuch are the characters of too many *great warriors*.

Thou

Thou ſhalt no more this earth moleſt,
Or quench in blood thy thirſt again.
Come from rude *War's* infernal ſtorm,
And fill this hand in alter'd form,
To *prune the peach, reform the roſe,*
Where in th' expanding boſom glows
With warmeſt ardours, ev'ry wiſh benign:
Mine is the day ſo long foretold
By HEAVEN's illumin'd Bards of old,
To feel the rage of Diſcord ceaſe,
To join with Angels in the SONGS OF PEACE,
That fill my kindred ſoul with energies divine.

6.

Dark ERROR's code no more enthralls,
Its vile infatuations end;
Aloud the trump of Reaſon calls;
The nations hear! the worlds attend!
Deteſting now the craft of Kings,
Man from his hand the weapon flings;

Hides it in whelming deeps afar,
And learns no more the ſkill of war;
But lives with NATURE on th' uncity'd plain:
Long has this *earth* a captive mourn'd,
But *days of old* are now return'd *;
We PRIDE's rude arm no longer feel;
No longer bleed beneath Oppreſſion's heel;
For TRUTH to LOVE and PEACE reſtores the world again.

7.

The dawn is up, the lucid morn,
I carol in its golden ſkies;
The Muſe, on eagle-pinions borne,
Through Rapture's realm prophetic flies;
The battle 's rage is heard no more,
Huſh'd is the ſtorm on ev'ry ſhore;

* *Days of old are now returned.*] The *Ancient of days* in the *Prophet Daniel* may, with ſome plauſibility, be ſuppoſed to mean no more than the reſtoration of the primeval ſtate of *Innocence*, *Peace*, and *Benevolence*.

See *lambs* and *lions* in the mead
Together play, together feed,
Crop the freſh herbage of perennial Spring:
From eyes that bleſs the glorious day
The ſcalding tears are wip'd away;
Raiſe high the ſong! 'tis HEAV'N inſpires!
In chorus joining with ſeraphic lyres,
We crown the PRINCE OF PEACE, he reigns th'
ETERNAL KING!

Duw a phob Daioni.

SONG.

SONG.

During a late *match at throat-cutting* between *two brothers*, a young man of an excellent character was, through the machinations of malice, preſſed into the navy ſervice, when he was on the point of marriage to an amiable young woman, of worth ſuperior to what is often obſerved in the higher ſpheres of life—This occaſioned the following ſong.

I.

CELIA walks the rocky ſhore,
Liſt'ning to the cannon's roar;
And, with horror, from afar,
Hears the dire approach of war;

Hears contending fleets engage,
Studious of infernal rage;
Sees *Ambition* ſtain the flood
Ruthleſs with a *Brother's blood.*

CELIA, weeping, walks the ſhore,
Liſt'ning to the cannon's roar.

2.

COLIN mourns on ſtormy deeps,
Mourns for her that ſorely weeps:
Joyleſs maid!—ſhe ſadly roams
Where the midnight billow foams:
Often have I heard her moan,
In the rocky nook alone;
And, in ſolitary woe,
Mark'd the tear of anguiſh flow.

COLIN, on the ſtormy deeps,
Mourns for her that ſorely weeps.

3.

Gentle COLIN, from his youth,
Walk'd the paths of *Peace* and *Truth*;
Hated *War's* infernal ire,
And *Ambition's* fierce deſire:
Love, with ardours unreſtrain'd,
In his heart, a monarch, reign'd!
Love, that in its wide embrace,
Held the whole of human race.
COLIN, from the dawn of youth,
Gave his ſoul to *Love* and *Truth*.

4.

Lovely CELIA, ceaſe to mourn;
COLIN ſhall again return;
He that was, in hapleſs hour,
By the talon'd arm of *Pow'r*,
Dragg'd away, to battles borne;
From thy boſom rudely torne:

One *juſt* King, that reigns on high,
Knows thy wrongs, attends thy ſigh.
Ceaſe, thou lovely fair, to mourn,
COLIN ſhall again return.

5.

Dread no more the ſurging main,
PROVIDENCE will guard thy ſwain!
Whilſt the war's high fury ſtorms;
Gives to rage all horrid forms;
Speeds the ball of whizzing ſound,
Through the ſulphur'd ſmoke around;
Shall, unſeen, *Celeſtial Pow'rs*,
Shield him through th' imperil'd hours;
Curb the war, and tame the main:
PROVIDENCE will guard thy ſwain!

6.

COLIN ſhall, ſecur'd from harms,
Fill again thy longing arms.

Call

Call on *Hope* to calm thy breaſt;
Hope that lulls the ſoul to reſt:
Thou the joyful hour ſhalt ſee,
When returning, full of thee,
COLIN comes; when thou ſhalt hear,
Voice and foot proclaim him near;
And, reliev'd from ſad alarms,
Fly to fill his op'ning arms.

RURAL COURTSHIP.

A PASTORAL SONG.

1.

THE May-pole was up, we were met on the green,
But there my dear PHILLIS was not to be ſeen;
I ſtrove to be merry, but all was in vain,
My charmer, thus abſent, turn'd mirth into pain.

2.

Young STREPHON, a ſhepherd, that dwells in our dale,
Had often told PHILLIS an amorous tale;
I knew that ſhe ſcorn'd him, deteſted his art,
Yet ſomething uneaſy preſs'd much on my heart.

3. At

3.

At length my dear charmer appear'd in the throng,
She ſings very ſweet, and all wiſh'd for a ſong;
She ſang ſo melodious, ſo graceful, and free,
Pleas'd highly were all,—it was rapture to me!

4.

We glanc'd at each other, our ſouls flew to meet,
Each felt the warm look inexpreſſibly ſweet;
Love ſpoke in her ſmile, ſweetly glow'd in her bluſh,
Wealthy STREPHON was there, but I car'd not a ruſh.

5.

Yet lovers in crowds are but ſeldom at eaſe,
Some lonely receſs can more happily pleaſe;
So PHILLIS and I ſlipp'd away to the grove,
And feaſted our ſouls on th' endearments of Love.

6.

I marriage propos'd, the true lover's intent,
Her ſilence, her bluſh, ſpoke a joyful conſent;
Your wealth, your high titles, ye great ones adore,
The charmer is mine, and I covet no more!

THE DREAM,

A SONNET,

Written in London in the Spring of 1793.

FAR from the town to rural home remov'd,
From *Faſhion's* brood, the cockney's flimſy talk,
With her that, from a child, I dearly lov'd,
And four ſweet babes, I took the wonted walk;
My little prattlers gaily tripp'd along,
And cull'd with care for me the ſweeteſt flow'rs;
Clung round my knees, and hail'd, with infant ſong,
My ſafe return to bleſs their ſportive hours;
Three ſmiling daughters and a liſping boy,
Preſs'd, urgent, on my lips the filial kiſs;
How felt my ſoul the warm exceſs of joy!—
But little have I known of laſting bliſs.—
Why, long a ſtranger, came that hour of ſleep,
To cheat me with a dream, and bid me ſorely weep!

A DIRGE,

A DIRGE,

Occaſioned by the ſoon-to-be-heard-of melancholy Death of a modern SADDUCEE.

WHERE ſterile ſoils are clad with moſs,
Where rugged roads each other croſs,
And Nature frowns in horrid guiſe
Lothario, ſoul and body, lies.
Deep in congenial dirt immur'd,
And there with ſturdy ſtake ſecur'd;
His lot amongſt th' eternal dead,
A mountain'd carned * on his head;

* *A mountain'd carned.*] *Carned* is a *Welſh* word, ſignifying a large heap of ſtones that was thrown over the ſpot where a malefactor, a ſuicide, and other infamous characters, were buried.

'Twas thus the *Druid ſage* of old,
As 'tis in ancient ſtory told,
Hid the vile ſpot from ken of day,
Where ev'ry foe to Virtue lay;
Conſigning each deteſted name
To proverbs of eternal ſhame.

Thou, chief of all the quibbling train,
Of Learning's froth ſupremely vain;
If Truth admits thy ſceptic lore,
Thou haſt no living ſoul to ſoar
Triumphant, with ſeraphic flight,
To meet thy GOD in realms of light;
No SAVIOUR there prepares for thee
The *Manſion of Felicity*;
'Tis not for thee with *Saints* to cry,
O! Grave! where is thy victory!

Through life, 'twas thine to check the ſcope
Poor mortals gave to FAITH and HOPE;
In Doubt's deep gloom all TRUTH to ſhroud,
And hide RELIGION in a cloud.

Loſt

Loſt in the wild chäotic waſte,
Death's horrid vales thy fancy trac'd;
Where tyrant *Fate's* eternal reign
Binds all in adamantine chain,
From which, if true thy frantic dream,
No thought can ſtray, no GOD redeem.
What beam'd o'er Life's bewilder'd way
Of cherub HOPE's illuming ray,
Met, but in vain, thy jaundic'd eye,
That never lov'd the fulgent ſky;
Fled from th' inſulted noon of light,
Thy ſoul preferr'd eternal night;
Where *Pride*, thy *God*, unlock'd for thee
The dungeons of neceſſity;
Where hell-born *Vice* found none to blame;
Where *Virtue* 's nothing but a name;
Where as her pile *Deception* rear'd,
Fixt on the baſeleſs height appear'd,
That monſter impotent and odd,
A *Fate-conſtrain'd*, a *worthleſs*, GOD;

Poſſeſs'd of no free pow'r that draws
One ſoul from Death's eternal jaws.
Thus to deſtroy was all thy plan
What liv'd of happineſs to man.
'Twas to this height thy wiſh aſpir'd,
With *Pride's* malignant ardour fir'd;
When 'twas in thy conception gain'd,
For thee no ſpark of joy remain'd;
But *Conſcience*, waking in a fright,
Rous'd from long dreams of *Error's* night,
Aſſail'd thee with reproaching tongue,
Till through thy ſoul deep horrors rung;
Deſpair, a deſpot, ſoon poſſeſs'd,
The gloomy caverns of thy breaſt:
What could its urgent force withſtand?
Nought! but thy own avenging hand,
That tied, thoſe agonies to check,
The well-earn'd halter round thy neck.
Thus, harden'd in *Satanic Pride*,
Lothario liv'd, and thus he dy'd.

TRIADES,

TRIADES,

From the Welſh.

1.

THREE things with contempt have I treated through life;
A *Soldier*, that lives upon rapine and ſtrife;
A *Miſer*, that coffers deteſtable gains;
And *Faſhion's dull puppy*, that thing without brains.

2.

Three things for their abſence I never repin'd;
The *horſe-laughing Flirt*, of contemptible mind;
The *Fool that loves miſchief* and calls it a jeſt;
And *Slander's vile tongue* that is never at reſt.

3.

Three things have I lov'd, and would die for their ſake;
Stern VIRTUE's keen laſh that keeps REASON awake;
Bold LIBERTY's frown that bids TYRANNY ceaſe;
And WISDOM's wide circle that centers in PEACE.

PASTORAL.

In the Welſh Manner.

1.

INVOKING the Genius of Song,
Amid the green wood-lands I rove;
And call my new fancies along
To paint the warm feelings of Love.
More charming than aught on the plains,
When Summer's new beauties appear;
O! Phillis! the beſt of my ſtrains
Are tun'd for thy muſical ear.

2.

Now, known for my paſtoral note,
I rank with the Sons of the Muſe;
On plains and in valleys remote,
Applauſe my new carol purſues:

And

And whilſt, by the ſhepherds admir'd,
The ſong or the ſentiment warms;
'Tis, all by thy beauties inſpir'd,
The tribute I owe to thy charms.

3.

More cold than the ſnows of the pole;
More lovely than mornings in May;
Thou, Phillis, dear nymph of my ſoul,
Art flown from thy lover away:
And here, in dejection, I mourn;
No joys to my boſom are known;
But, grieving, I wait thy return,
And wander in thickets alone.

4.

Now Spring, ever dear to my heart,
Has mantled the meadows and groves;
And, quitting the manſions of Art,
I dwell in theſe woodbine alcoves.
But long is my comfortleſs hour:
Dark mazes of anguiſh I trace;

My

My charmer is not in the bow'r;
She flies from her Colin's embrace.

5.

Thou Lark, that, forſaking the lawn,
With ſong art aſcending the ſkies;
Go meet the ſweet fulgence of dawn,
Attend it wherever it flies:
Obſerve, where a beauty ſupreme,
Out-rivals all efforts of Art;
'Tis Phillis, for ever my theme;
'Tis Phillis, the nymph of my heart.

6.

Return, thou ſweet minſtrel of morn,
Proclaim to theſe woodlands around;
Where, treating new lovers with ſcorn,
May Phillis, my fair one, be found:
I dread neither mountain nor waſte,
Nor ſtorms that are throng'd in the ſky;
But, ſpeeding on pinions of haſte,
I to my dear charmer will fly.

'Tis

7.

'Tis dark, the gay birds are asleep,
And only the Nightingale wakes;
With her my sad vigils I keep;
With her I will mourn in the brakes:
Thou, soother of anguish extreme,
O, Sleep! thy soft moment impart;
For, thou canst restore, in a dream,
My Phillis awhile to my heart.

SONNET.

SONNET, TO HOPE,

On reſolving to emigrate to AMERICA.

SWEET HOPE! to thy voice I, once more, will attend,
Though long at thy toils have I labour'd in vain;
Yet ſtill I believe, in aſſurance remain—
The time is not far when my ſorrows will end—
Thou ſoft'ner of grief! ſtill I call thee my friend;
Fell Malice avoiding, I 'll ſeek in thy train
Th' *American wilds*, where *Simplicity's* reign
Will cheriſh the *Muſe*, and her *pupil* defend:
The *Muſe* that feels endleſs her tale to relate
Of wrongs, from a child, that in *Britain* I 've known;
Where, arm'd with the bolts of tyrannical ſtate,
Has lawleſs *Oppreſſion* eſtabliſh'd her throne;
But far from her eye, where no ſlanders await,
I 'll dwell with *Content* in the *deſart* alone.

ODE,

ODE,

TO A SHEPHERD.

Inſcribed to the GLAMORGAN *Agriculture Society.*

I.

THOU that, a Shepherd on the down,
Seeſt ev'ry morn the Sun ariſe;
And, when the ſhades of night are flown,
What ſportive beauty glads thine eyes;
Say glows not in thy gentle breaſt
A joy ſerene, that, here at reſt,
Thy leiſur'd Muſe attunes her ſong;
Whilſt, through th' abodes of madden'd life,
The glare of *Pomp*, the din of *Strife*,
Rolls in high ſwells along.

2. Behold

2.

Behold yon city's gorgeous tow'rs,
They frown rude inſult on the day,
Rob'd with eternal ſmoke, that pours
Black venom on the morning ray:
Beſide their domes *Ambition* ſtalks;
And *Av'rice* there unweary'd walks,
A wily *fiend*, in ev'ry ſtreet:
Pride there aſcends her lofty throne;
And *Virtue* bleeds, with piteous moan,
Beneath *Oppreſſion's* feet.

3.

Mark well yon *Cit's* ungraceful gait,
He, that, with *Hottentotic* ſkill,
Gives, with his heart, an empty pate,
To ſhameleſs *Faſhion's* wanton will;

Who

Who can one trait of *Reaſon* find
In the vain fop's bedarken'd mind,
Of *Manhood*, in his *pigmy ſoul?*
He, thus a candidate for Fame,
How ſtands, abhor'd, his worthleſs name
On *Folly's* ample roll!

4.

She, that diſplays her gaudy creſt
In rainbow colours to the ſkies,
Feels nought within her ſtormy breaſt
Of *Nature's* calming warmth ariſe:
With wanton look, with laughter loud,
She, meretricious, to the crowd,
Lays open her laſcivious heart:
Enjoys her name on *Flatt'ry's* tongue;
Her own with deep deluſions hung;
With all the wiles of *Art*.

5. See,

5.

See, where the *Palaces of Kings*,
Load, cramm'd with guilt, the groaning earth;
Thence foul *Corruption's* poiſon ſprings,
Pride thence derives an odious birth:
There *Truth* lies trampled in the duſt;
At *Liberty*, with ireful thruſt,
The *penſion'd Minion* daily flies;
He glories in her ſore defeat:
There all that 's *good* and *truly great*,
Unpity'd, falls and dies.

6.

From *Courts*, in glaring tinſel dreſs'd,
The tyrant *Faſhion* widely roams;
Spreads o'er the land, a baleful peſt,
The *luxuries* of *regal domes*:

Thence

Thence fell *Deceit*, with whiffling ſmile,
And ſyren ſongs of deepeſt guile,
Comes, and invades the rural plains;
Ye, that perceive the *fiend* appear,
Fly far, nor for a moment hear
Her ſoul-deluding ſtrains.

7.

There, ſwelt'ring at the ſumptuous feaſt,
With gouty limbs, with loathſome breath,
Intemperance, that filthy beaſt,
Sits, and inhales the fogs of Death.
The *Muſe* averts her wounded eyes,
And to the ruſtic hamlet flies,
Where ſongs of Health attend the morn:
Pleas'd more to range the flow'ry mead,
Or tune to Love the ſhepherd's reed,
Beneath her humble thorn.

8. Ab-

8.

Abhorrent here of baneful *Strife*,
Of titled *Pride* with ſtately ſtalk;
Along the ſhelter'd paths of life,
O! let me ſtill with *Reaſon* walk:
I 'll ſing the golden days of yore,
And bid my friendly cot reſtore
The virtues of primeval times:
The friend of *Age*, the guide of *Youth*,
I'll teach the laws of PEACE and TRUTH
In all my rural rhymes.

O D E

ON THE

MYTHOLOGY of the ANCIENT BRITISH BARDS,

In the Manner of TALIESIN,

Recited on PRIMROSE HILL

AT A

MEETING of BRITISH BARDS,

On the Summer Solſtice of 1792, *and ratified* at the ſubſequent Autumnal Equinox and Winter Solſtice.*

Hir y bydd Brython, ſal Carcharorion,
Yn mraint Alltudion Tir SAXONIA,
Eu Ner a ſolant Eu Hiaith a gadwant
Eu Tir a gollant ond Gwyllt WALIA.

TALIESIN, anno 550.

Long ſhall the *Britons* humbled low remain,
For ages drag the *Saxons'* galling chain;
But faithful ſtill their *Ancient God* adore,
Pure keep their language as in days of yore;
Be robb'd of native lands, from all exil'd,
But *Walia's* rough uncultivated wild.

Gwir, yn erbyn y Byd.

I. e.—*Truth againſt all the World.*

* A poem, &c admitted at one meeting, approved of by a ſecond, and ratified by a third, may allowably be publiſhed.

Ancient uſage.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE *Patriarchal Religion* of ANCIENT BRITAIN, called Druidiſm, but by the WELSH moſt commonly *Barddas*, (BARDISM,) though they alſo term it *Derwyddoniaeth*, (DRUIDISM,) is no more inimical to CHRISTIANITY than the religion of NOAH, JOB, or ABRAHAM:—it has never, as ſome imagine, been quite extinct in BRITAIN; the *Welſh Bards* have through all ages, down to the preſent, kept it alive: there is in my poſſeſſion a manuſcript ſynopſis of it by *Llywelyn Sion*, a *Bard*, written about the year 1560; its truth and accuracy are corroborated by innumerable notices, and alluſions in our Bardic manuſcripts of every age up to TALIESIN in the *ſixth century*, whoſe poems exhibit a complete ſyſtem of DRUIDISM, by theſe (undoubtedly authentic) writings it will appear that the *Ancient Britiſh* CHRISTIANITY was ſtrongly tinctured with DRUIDISM. The old *Welſh Bards* kept up a perpetual war with the *Church of Rome*, and from it experienced much perſecution. Narrow underſtandings may conceive that they were the leſs CHRISTIANS for having been DRUIDS. The doctrine of the *metempſychoſis* is that which of all others moſt clearly

"—— Vindicates the ways of GOD to Man."

It is ſufficiently countenanced by many paſſages in the *New Teſtament*, and was believed by many of the *Primitive Chriſtians*, and by the *Eſſenes* amongſt the Jews.

How truly ridiculous to an Ancient Britiſh Mythologiſt, appears the BARD of GRAY with its *ſavage Scandinavian Mythology*; the ſame may be ſaid of other Engliſh Poems, that, except in this particular, poſſeſs the higheſt poetical excellence.

I cannot help thinking that the *Britiſh Bardic* Mythology would ſupply Poetry with many new ideas, and much of very pleaſing imagery; it ſeems to me far more *rational*, *ſublime*, and *congenial to Human Nature*, than the *ſuperlatively barbarous* and *bloody Theology* of the EDDA, which *ſome depraved imaginations* are ſo charmed with.

There are in the world writers of *matchleſs impudence*—theſe will, without knowing a word of the *Welſh language*, without having ever ſeen one of its many thouſands of manuſcripts, arrogantly tell the public that what is here ſaid of BARDISM is all a *fiction*. Juſt as if a man, without knowing any thing of the *Greek language*, ſhould peremptorily tell us that ſuch perſons as *Homer*, *Pindar*, or *Ariſtotle*, never exiſted, or that the writings attributed to theſe *great men* are groſs impoſitions on the credulity of mankind.

The following preliminary aphoriſms are thought neceſſary:

1. All animated beings originate in the *loweſt point of exiſtence* (ANNWN), whence, by a regular gradation, they riſe higher and higher in the ſcale of exiſtence till they arrive at the higheſt ſtate of *happineſs* and *perfection* that is poſſible for finite beings.

2. All the ſtates of animation below that of humanity are *ne-*

ceſſarily evil; and where *evil* unavoidably preponderates no being can, conſiſtent with *Juſtice*, be deemed culpable, nor are they objects of puniſhment.—Here *Fate* reigns.

3. *Beings*, as their ſouls, by paſſing from ferocious to more gentle and harmleſs animals, approach the ſtate of *Humanity*, become ameliorated in their diſpoſitions, leſs influenced by *Evil*, and attain to ſome degree of negative goodneſs.

4. Every being is deſtined to fill an allotted place in the creation, and endued with thoſe *ſenſibilities*, *benign propenſities*, and *mental capacities*, that are requiſite to render him happy in that ſtation, which he never can be in any other laſtingly, and to this the Creator will finally bring him.

5. *Beings*, having been led up through ſuch a ſucceſſion of animal exiſtences as are neceſſary towards unfolding their deſtined character, and preparing them for their ultimate office in the Creation, arrive at the ſtate of HUMANITY, where *Good* and *Evil* are ſo equally balanced, that LIBERTY takes place, the WILL becomes FREE; whence MAN becomes accountable for his actions, having a power of attaching himſelf either to the *Good* or the *Evil* as he may, or may not, ſubject his propenſities to the control of *Reaſon* and unſophiſticated *Nature*, theſe being the *fixed Laws* of the CREATOR.

6. Man being poſſeſſed of LIBERTY has the power of coacting with the DEITY, and of attaching himſelf to GOOD, and by perſevering in this courſe till death ariſes to ſuch a ſtate above HUMANITY as correſponds with his acceſſions of Goodneſs, and with that degree in which they preponderate againſt EVIL.

7. In all the States of exiſtence above HUMANITY Good preponderates, and therein *all Beings* are *neceſſarily good*; hence they can never fall, but are ſtill advancing higher and higher in the ſcale of happineſs and perfection, till they arrive at their final deſtination, where every being, in his allotted place, will be completely happy to *all Eternity*, without the poſſibility

of

of ever falling into *Evil*; and, being convinced that he could not poſſibly be equally happy in any other ſtation, will never have any deſire to quit that wherein he is.

8. *Man*, attaching himſelf to *Evil*, falls in Death into ſuch an animal ſtate of exiſtence as correſponds with the turpitude of his ſoul, which may be ſo great as to caſt him down into the loweſt point of exiſtence, whence he ſhall again return through ſuch a ſucceſſion of animal exiſtences as are moſt proper to diveſt him of his evil propenſities. After traverſing ſuch a courſe *(treiglo 'r Abred)*, he will again riſe to the ſtate of HUMANITY, whence, according to contingencies, he may riſe or fall; yet ſhould he fall he ſhall again riſe; and, ſhould this happen for millions of ages, the path to happineſs is ſtill open to him, and will ſo remain to *all eternity*; for, ſooner or later, he will infallibly arrive at his deſtined ſtation of happineſs, whence he never falls. *Eternal Miſery* is a thing impoſſible; it cannot poſſibly conſiſt with the attributes of GOD, who is never actuated by *malevolent reſentment* that proceeds from a *diſplay of ſuperior power*, which originates in PRIDE. GOD IS LOVE in the moſt poſitive and unlimited degree; he reſiſts *Evil* for the ſake of annihilating it, and not for the mere malevolent purpoſe of puniſhing.

9. *Finite Beings* can never comprehend *Infinity*; they cannot conceive any thing of GOD, but as ſomething external to themſelves individually different, and, conſequently, *finite*. The DEITY for this reaſon, though in himſelf *infinite*, manifeſts himſelf to *finite* comprehenſions as a *finite being*, as in the Perſon of JESUS CHRIST, &c.

10. The ultimate ſtates of HAPPINESS are eternally undergoing the moſt delightful *renovations* in endleſs ſucceſſion, without which NO *Finite Being* could ever, conſiſtent with happineſs, endure the *tædium* of ETERNITY. Theſe *renovations* will not, like the deaths of the lower ſtates of exiſtence, occaſion a ſuſpenſion of memory and conſciouſneſs of ſelf-identity.

11. Memory, and the conſciouſneſs of having tranſgreſſed the Laws of GOD, are ſuffered to remain ſometimes in the lower ſtates of exiſtences after death, as a temporary puniſhment, and for implanting in them an averſion to *Evil.*

12. Man, on arriving at a ſtate above HUMANITY, recovers the perfect recollection of all his former modes of exiſtence, and to eternity retains it. It is this, and this only, that conſtitutes a Being's conſciouſneſs of having been, and of ſtill being, ever ſince its firſt creation, through all ſtates of animated exiſtence, identically one and the ſame: he could not otherwiſe ſay to himſelf, *I was the Animal, I was the Man,* or any other being, that at ſuch a period paſſed, lived, acted, felt, and experienced in ſuch a manner: without this perpetuation of conſcious memory, death would be abſolute *annihilation,* and not a *change in the mode* of exiſtence: without this a being in any ſuperior ſtate would be a *new* CREATURE, and not a *continuation* of a *former.*

13. No knowledge can be acquired but by experience—to obtain all poſſible knowledge, it is neceſſary to paſs through all poſſible modes of exiſtence, and to experience all that is peculiarly known to every one of theſe, each of them affording ſuch a ſupply of knowledge that *no other* poſſibly can. Man in the ſtates of happineſs recovers the memory of all that he obſerved and experienced in every mode of exiſtence through which he has paſſed.

14. All the knowledge that in the ſtate of HUMANITY we have of ſupernal exiſtence has been communicated by *Celeſtial Beings,* who, of their own *Benevolence,* ſubjected to that of the DEITY, return for a while to this world to inform man of what is neceſſary for him to know of his duty, and of what conſtitutes happineſs in this and in future ſtates, and what, by perſeverance in VIRTUE, he may hope for, and be aſſured of. Knowledge of this kind has been thus communicated to man in all parts of the World, though more eminently ſo, by the *Jewiſh Prophets* and

Jeſus

Jeſus Chriſt, in whom all that can be comprehended of the DEITY by *Finite Beings* was, and in him eternally will be, manifeſted. BARDISM always refers its origin to *Divine communications*, and never talked of, I know not what, *Religion of Nature*.

15. The propenſities of animals to prey upon, and deſtroy, each other is a regulation of *Divine Benevolence* for expediting the progreſs of beings through their ſeveral deſtined modes of exiſtence to the ſtates of *happineſs*.

16. Man ſubjecting himſelf to Death in the cauſe of *Truth*, *Juſtice*, and *Virtue*, and for theſe foregoing all the enjoyments of this world, and life itſelf, does the moſt meritorious act of goodneſs that he poſſibly can; and thus, attaching himſelf to the higheſt degree of virtue and holineſs, paſſes by Death to the higheſt and ultimate ſtate of *Celeſtial Felicity*.

17. Man, having been guilty of crimes that are puniſhable by Death, muſt be ſo puniſhed; and by giving himſelf up a voluntary victim to Death, being conſcious of deſerving it, does all that lies in his power to compenſate for his crimes; attaches himſelf to the greateſt degree of good that he poſſibly can, by giving up all of life and its enjoyments, by ſuffering, voluntarily, all that ought to be inflicted on him, for his tranſgreſſion; he by ſuch a Death paſſes to the higheſt ſtate of happineſs.

18. The ſacrifice of animals, which were always thoſe of the leaſt ferocity of diſpoſition, was a religious co-operation with *Divine Benevolence*, by raiſing ſuch an animal up to the ſtate of HUMANITY, and conſequently expediting his progreſs towards *Felicity*, it was not to appeaſe, we know not what, *Divine wrath*, a thing that cannot poſſibly exiſt; the idea of which is, of all others, the moſt blaſphemouſly diſgraceful to the DEITY.

19. Man muſt not, but from an abſolute neceſſity to ſave his own life, commit depredations on any animated beings, or kill them to gratify wanton propenſities, he muſt never inflict *death*

or *torture* but in cafes of felf-preſervation, not of ſenſual indulgence, or of malevolent animoſity. No inferior being deſtroys another, but to ſave his own life, which he cannot otherwiſe poſſibly do. Man muſt govern himſelf by the ſame *Law of Nature*, which is that of GOD.

20. Man cannot poſſibly commit any act that is not more or leſs conducive to the general and ultimate good; he, though it is forbidden him, by wantonly killing an innocent creature, removes it to a higher ſtate of exiſtence, and conſequently benefits it; on a ſimilar plan has GOD infallibly ſecured much more than an ample recompence for all the wrongs that any being may ſuffer from another.

21. *Fortitude* is the greateſt and firſt of all virtues: without it no other virue can be practiſed; what we do from the excitements of pleaſure and ſelf-gratification is not, or but a very inferior kind of, *Virtue*. We can never unequivocally evince our love of *Virtue*, *Juſtice*, *Benevolence*, or any thing elſe, but by ſuffering willingly for its ſake. Without *fortitude* we ſhrink from all that is good and laudable, if with it any, even the leaſt, degree of ſuffering is connected. The commiſſion of all *Vice* proceeds from the fear of practiſing its oppoſite *Virtue*.

22. *Pride* is the utmoſt degree of human depravity; it ſupplies the motive for perpetrating every kind of wickedneſs, it aims at *Superiority* and *Power*, which none but GOD is, of *right*, entitled to. Man may confer conditionally, and for the general good, a well reſtrained and limited power on ſuperior merit; but none are entitled to uſurp it. Self-created ſuperiority, and power over others, is a dethroning of the ALMIGHTY as far as man can do it. PRIDE is the deſtroyer (CYTHRAUL) of the works of the CREATOR, the ſubverter of all order, forces itſelf obtruſively into a ſtation that was never allotted to it. All men are equal in the CREATOR's paternality, as his children: and to ſuperior worth and virtue he has ſecured infallibly the approba-

tion

tion of the truly Good and Wise, who will ever voluntarily exalt it to its merited height if not frustrated by the PROUD, who always, and often with temporary success, aim at usurping what is only due to *transcendent Virtues* and *beneficent Abilities*: PRIDE casts down into the *lowest point of existence.*

23. The soul is an inconceivably minute particle of the most refined matter, is necessarily endued with life, and never dies; but at the dissolution of one body it passes into another higher or lower in the scale of existence, where it expands itself into that form and corporiety which its acquired propensities necessarily give it, or of that animal (with whose body it becomes clothed) wherein only such propensities can possibly reside naturally.—*By the way, let us ask what modern Philosophers, or rather Anti-philosophers, mean by unembodied and immaterial beings or spirits, existing either in happiness or misery? if any thing can be understood of* IMMATERIALITY *it must be* NONENTITY; *mere* NOTHING; *unless we conceive it to be the* DEITY, *who is infinite, which* immateriality *also is, and cannot be divided, or limited. We cannot possibly conceive any idea of a* FINITE INTELLIGENT *Being, without annexing to it something (however subtile and refined) like materiality.*

24. LIBERTY once obtained will never be lost; it consists in a perfect knowledge of the causes of *Evil* in every mode of existence, and of all the operative principles of NATURE. Permanently perfect LIBERTY can never universally take place till all Beings and all Modes of existence are entirely divested of their EVILS.

25. The state of HUMANITY being that of LIBERTY is the only *State of Probation*; it is, for that reason, on the actions of this state only that *Divine Judgement* will be passed.

26. The Creation is still in its *Infancy*: GOD will, by the progressive operations of his Providence, bring all Beings to the point of LIBERTY (which is the *Human State*) wherein only, even by

God himself, *Evil* can be combated and ſubdued; wherein all power begins, exiſts. and ſubſiſts.

27. *Evil*, and all its cauſes, once perfectly known, which it cannot be till all Beings have paſſed through all poſſible Modes of finite exiſtence, will be for ever hated and avoided; but, being in itſelf poſſible, it will, with all other poſſibilities, eternally exiſt in its abſtract principles, all poſſibilities are things of eternity.

28. All Modes of exiſtence which are neceſſarily as numerous as *Divine Conception* can make them, will for ever remain in exiſtence with no other change than that of being thoroughly diveſted of all their *Evils*, and continue eternally as beautiful varieties in the Creation, which without this numeroſity of externalities would not poſſeſs perfect beauty.

29. All the various Modes of exiſtence, for ever externally the ſame, will, when internally diveſted of all Evils, be occupied ſucceſſively by *Celeſtials*, or thoſe that inhabit the *Circle of Felicity*, theſe, amongſt other changes, will *vary* and delightfully *relieve* what would otherwiſe be inſupportable in *Eternity* to *finite Beings*. All theſe Modes of exiſtence will, when purged of their *Evils*, be *equally perfect*, *equally happy*, *equal in the general eſtimation*, and *equally fathered* by the Creator. Peace, Love, and ineffable Benignity filling the whole Creation. All mental and corporeal affections and propenſities of benign tendency will remain for ever, and conſtitute the joys of the *Celeſtial exiſtencies*.

30. Our infallible rule of Duty is, not to do or deſire any thing but what can eternally be done and obtained in the *Celeſtial ſtates*, wherein no *Evil* can exiſt. The *Good* and *Happineſs* of one Being, muſt not ariſe from the *Evil*, or miſery, of another.

Such are the outlines of *Bardiſm*, *Druidiſm*, or the Ancient Britiſh *Philoſophy*, at leaſt of what it is as refined by *Chriſtianity*, in which the Bards adopted nothing that was averſe to their *Ancient Theology*, but what rather confirmed the truth of it.

Chriſtianity

Chriſtianity at its early introduction into *Britain* about the year 62, found nothing in *Druidiſm* inconſiſtent with its own doctrines, if we admit (which, perhaps, in a qualified ſenſe, with the *Chriſtian Bards*, we may) the doctrine of the *Metempſychoſis*.

The *Bards* or *Druids* continued for many centuries after they became *Chriſtians*, the *Miniſters of Religion*, even till, and probably in ſome places long after, the time of the two *Athanaſian* and incipiently *Popiſh* Biſhops, *Germanus* and *Lupus*; this is pretty evident from our oldeſt and moſt authentic manuſcripts. The Bards have through all ages conſidered themſelves as a properly qualified *Prieſthood* or Miniſtrators of Religion. Much more might be ſaid on this ſubject; which neither room nor propriety admit of in this place.

I.

I SAW yon orb, yon ſource of light,
Give to this world its new-born ray,
When firſt aroſe in fulgence bright,
The glories of primeval day;
The MUSE then own'd me, with a ſmile,
Proclaim'd me BARD OF BRITAIN'S ISLE;
I join'd her chorus, that around
Bade HEAV'N's eternal dome reſound;

Warm through my ſoul her thrilling tranſport ran,
From FATE releas'd, no more to creep
A groveling worm, or, in the deep,
To dread the billow's angry ſwell,
Or wing the ſkies, or through the deſart yell;
Of LIBERTY poſſeſs'd, I felt myſelf a MAN,

2.

How fair was NATURE's early morn!
How ſweetly bloom'd her vernal day!
I then, on FANCY's pinion borne,
Trac'd laughing PLEASURE's devious way:
Lur'd by thy glare, inſidious PRIDE,
From REASON's paths I wander'd wide;
TRUTH, from ſupernal realms above,
Call'd, unobey'd, in lays of love;
Pow'r's hell-born wiſh had now my ſoul poſſeſs'd:
Whilſt, fearleſs of an anger'd GOD,
I brandiſh'd high the TYRANT's rod,

Gave

Gave WAR's fierce hand my whetted ſteel,
What millions bled beneath my trampling heel!
Drench'd was each thought in HELL that fill'd my venom'd breaſt.

3.

How felt this world my ſlaught'ring hand!
How ſtream'd the blood from pole to pole!
It call'd on HEAV'N! whoſe high command
Spurn'd from its light my reptile ſoul,
To crawl a *Serpent*, and to roar
A *Tiger* on the *Libyan* ſhore!
I felt the ſcourge of wrath profound,
When raving in the *maddien'd Hound*,
For painful MEMORY was living ſtill:
Oh! racking CONSCIENCE! 'twas thy ſting!
'Twas known to thee when erſt a *King*,
How far beyond what tongue can tell,
I fewel'd high the ſulphur'd flames of HELL;
And, on a *Rebel's* throne, ſcoff'd at th' ALMIGHTY's will.

4. Yet,

4.

Yet, pity'd ſtill by LOVE DIVINE,
Through ſlow gradations up I came;
Endu'd with paſſions more benign,
I cropp'd the meads a *Lambkin* tame;
Then, penitent in yonder vale,
I mourn'd, a timid *Nightingale*;
The tallon'd *Hawk* aſſail'd my bow'r,
He now poſſeſs'd my *Regal Pow'r*;
Who can thy depth, ETERNAL MERCY, ſcan?
From death on wings of Rapture borne,
I ſoar'd a *Lark*, and hymn'd the morn;
The *Sportſman* heard my joyful ſound;
His brutal ſhaft ſoon brought me to the ground;
To nobler life reſtor'd, I breath'd, once more, a
MAN.

5.

Where ſtill the the *Bardic ſong* remains,
I ſtrove to combat baneful STRIFE;
A *Druid*,

A *Druid*, on *Silurian* plains,
I walk'd the thorny roads of life;
How often there has ENVY's dart
Pierc'd, ſorely pierc'd, my ſlander'd heart!
And wanton CRUELTY was there,
She ſtruck me with her poiſon'd ſpear;
Snarl'd fierce her dogs at SPITE's infernal door:
Yet, arm'd with ſuff'ring fortitude,
I, dauntleſs, bore their onſet rude,
And, penitent for ancient pride,
I life reſign'd, a willing victim dy'd;
Eternal JUSTICE claim'd, and I could give no more.

6.

Reviv'd in yon ſupernal clime,
The joys of TRIUMPH tun'd my ſong;
And, BRITAIN'S BARD *, with Ode ſublime,
I join'd the bright angelic throng;

* *Britain's Bard,*] i.e. Now finally reſtored to his true character and ultimate ſtation, as originally deſtined by the CREATOR.

Lov'd

Lov'd BRITAIN; then thy *Bardic laws**
We fram'd, whilſt HEAV'N, with loud applauſe,
Approv'd the code, confirm'd for thee,
What breath'd the ſoul of LIBERTY,
Warm VIRTUE's ardors †, and ſeraphic PEACE,
Decreed the guardians of thy weal,
And ſtamp'd with TRUTH's eternal ſeal,
Though now by *Tyrants* here ſuppreſs'd,
They govern ſtill thoſe manſions of the BLESS'D:
Songs of CELESTIAL REALMS! their glories never ceaſe.

7.

Dear to my ſoul's expanding pow'rs
Were thoſe unfading lawns above;

* *Bardic laws—We framed, &c.*] The Ancient Bardic Inſtitution is founded on *Theocratic* principles, and the idea of *Divine communications.*

† *Virtue's ardors*, &c.] Nothing can be more rigid, pure, and at the ſame time more ſublime, than the old *Bardic Morality.*

Whilſt,

Whilſt, in their amaranthine bowr's,
I ſtruck the thrilling lyre of LOVE;
Yet, for my BRITAIN's honour'd Iſle,
I left thoſe bliſsful ſcenes awhile,
To tune along my *Native ſhore*,
The ſtrain ſublime of *Bardic lore:*
Come, LIBERTY! with all thy ſons attend!
We 'll raiſe to thee the manly verſe;
The deeds inſpir'd by thee rehearſe;
Whilſt, rous'd on GALLIA's injur'd plain,
Stern legions feel thy flame in ev'ry vein;
Thee, GODDESS, thee we hail! the world's eternal friend.

8.

Join here *thy Bards*, with mournful note,
They weep for AFRIC's injur'd race;
Long has *thy* MUSE in worlds remote,
Sang loud of BRITAIN's foul diſgrace;
Thy MUSE can ſee where PITY waits,
In tears, at HEAV'NS wide-op'ning gates;

At MERCY's throne thoſe tears prevail,
Almighty JUSTICE hears the tale;
Indignant hears! bids venging thunders roll!
The flaming bolt is held on high,
See! BRITAIN, ſee! with REASON's eye!
'Tis levell'd at thy flinty breaſt!
Oh! hear, in chains, yon captiv'd ſoul diſtreſs'd!
His groans, that call to thee, reſound from pole to pole.

9.

Whilſt vengeance, from th' ALMIGHTY's hand,
Falls, wrathful, on yon TYRANT's head
That deals in blood; whilſt o'er the land
Its horrors deep are widely ſpread;
See where deſcend *Celeſtial* throngs!
They chaunt for thee, triumphant ſongs,
Great WILBERFORCE! for thee they bring
Yon *chariot* of th' ETERNAL KING!

HEAV'N

HEAV'N feels new raptures at thy bleſs'd aſcent!
Whilſt AFRIC, faithful to thy fame,
Reveres, adores, thy ſainted name;
And thou ſhalt ſmile from *native ſkies*
On ſoft HUMANITY's far ſearching eyes,
Rouſe up her ardent ſoul, and aid her warm intent.

10.

By *gnaſhing fiends* no more purſu'd,
LOVE ſhall thy fervent thoughts employ;
Through life eternally renew'd,
Through bleſs'd viciſſitudes of joy;
Born to new ſcenes of pure delight,
New glories burſting on thy ſight;
'Tis thine with extacy to range
Where HEAV'N preſents th' eternal change;
Where perfect bliſs no chilling languor knows:
Thus, in *Celeſtial Manſions* dwell
Thoſe that in VIRTUE dar'd excel;

There

There WISDOM's humble ſons rejoice;
There meek BENEVOLENCE exalts her voice;
And TRUTH's illumin'd ſoul with warmth immortal glows.

II.

New time appears! thou glorious WEST *!
How hails the world thy riſing Sun!
O! TRUTH, in rays of glory dreſs'd,
Thy deathleſs reign is now begun;
Thy *golden days* of old renown
Return again—vile *Error* flown
Hides, madden'd, in his native HELL;
How loudly roar'd his parting yell,

* *Glorious Weſt.*] *America*, where firſt ſince the world began, appears of, apparently, *Human Inſtitution*, a government founded on the true principles of *Liberty*, *Juſtice*, and the *Rights of Humanity*. "*Video Solem orientem in Occidente*," ſaid, prophetically, an ancient Sage.

As

As to th' *Infernal Deep* he ſkulk'd away,
PEACE in her azure veſt * appears,
Wipes from all eyes the ſtreaming tears;
At her approach the *fiends* of *War*
Fall, raving, from the *Tyrant's* bloody car;
And ſham'd AMBITION hides far from the blaze of day.

12.

MADOCIAN plains †! O! let me ſing
The tenants of your happy ſhades;
Meek PEACE that bids her carols ring
Through vocal groves and echoing glades;

* *Peace in her azure veſt.*] Alluding to the unicoloured robe of ſky-blue which the Bard of the *Primitive Order* wore, as *Herald of Peace:* in this he could paſs unmoleſted from one hoſtile country, or party, to another; his perſon was held ſacred.—See the note on p. 3.

† *Madocian plains.*] Alluding to the diſcovery of *America*, by *Madoc*, a *Welſh Prince*, in the 12th century.—See the note on p. 64.

Bold VIRTUE that in ruſtic weeds
Her ſickle bears, or lambkin feeds;
SIMPLICITY with infant mein
That gambols, graceful, on the green;
Walks with maternal NATURE hand in hand;
I long to climb your ancient hills,
To rove beſide your purling rills,
With BRITAIN's *Muſe*; and to rehearſe
Thoſe peerleſs glories in immortal verſe,
Won by th' unrivall'd names that bleſs'd your favour'd Land.

13.

Now glancing o'er the rolls of HEAV'N,
I ſee, with tranſport ſee, the day,
When, from this world, OPPRESSION driv'n
With gnaſhing fangs flies far away,
Long-baniſh'd VIRTUE now returns;
BENEVOLENCE, thy fervor burns;
PEACE, dove-ey'd PEACE, with ſunny ſmile,
High lifts her wand in BRITAIN's Iſle;

HELL's

HELL's horrid gorge receives the *Deſpot* PRIDE;
The *Bardic ſong* ſhall now reſound,
Trill through theſe *templed hills** around,
Come! Sons of TRUTH! your paths are clear,
In robes of light †, in heav'nly forms appear,
For JUSTICE wears her crown, reigns now th' eternal guide.

14.

I that ſhall ſoon return with joy
To known abodes of bliſs above;
Here the ſweet *Britiſh Muſe* employ
To teach th' angelic laws of LOVE;

* *Templed hills.*] The *Bardic Circle*, or *Druidic Temple*, as ſome call it, wherein the Bards meet, is formed of ſtones called *meini gwynion* (white ſtones), or *meini crair* (ſtones of teſtimony), and in the middle of it the *macn gorfedd* (preſidial ſtone); by all but the *Bards* called an *Altar*.

† *Robes of light.*] The Bards of the *Druidic Order* wore unicoloured robes of white, emblematic of *Truth*, which was, figuratively, ſaid to be of the colour of *light*, or the *Sun*: and unicoloured, or in every thing, time, and place, one and the ſame thing.

Soon

Soon ſhall I quit this earthly gloom,
And on my grave the daiſy bloom;
Ye *Bards*, remember what my verſe
Dar'd here of dauntleſs TRUTH rehearſe,
TRUTH learn'd in HEAV'N.—But now the ſetting Sun *
Calls weary'd man to ſoft repoſe;
Calm Night has tranquil joys for thoſe
That, rul'd by WISDOM's ſacred laws,
Hear CONSCIENCE carol in her own applauſe—
Retires our Holy Day †, the wonted ſong is done.

Duw a phob Daioni.

I. e.—*God, and all that is good.*

* *Setting Sun.*] The Bardic meetings cannot be holden but in a conſpicuous place, whilſt the Sun is above the *horizon.*—See the note on p. 39.

† *Our* HOLY DAY.] The Solſtices and Equinoxes are *Holy* or *ſolemn* BARDIC DAYS, whereon the four Grand meetings of the year are holden.—See the note in p. 160.

AN

AN

ACCOUNT OF, AND EXTRACTS FROM,

THE

WELSH-BARDIC TRIADES.

A MAN unacquainted with the *original occaſion*, and, at one time, *utility*, of the ancient mode amongſt the Welſh of writing in *Triades*, would pronounce it very quaint, affected, and circumſcribed; cramping genius and hampering it with needleſs chains. Says a writer in a late periodical publication *, "It is ſingular that the *Welſh* and *Iriſh* Antiquaries ſhould continue ſuch a lax mode of writing;" and in another place he calls the *Triades* "a weak production." What the *Iriſh* do I know not, but the *Welſh* of the preſent day never write in *Triades*, nor have they done ſo theſe eight or ten centuries, as far as I can find, except in works of wit and humour, in the

* Critical Review, Oct. 1792.

Iuſus ſcribendi: he ſhews but little judgement in calling it a *lax mode of writing*; for, too great cloſeneſs, brevity, and compreſſion, are its great defects. He calls it *a weak production*; we will examine this a little—the firſt of the *Triades* that he was then cenſuring is as follows:

The three primary and indiſpenſable requiſites of POETIC GENIUS *are, an* EYE THAT CAN SEE NATURE, *a* HEART THAT CAN FEEL NATURE, *and a* RESOLUTION THAT DARES FOLLOW NATURE.

This, I will venture to ſay, is the *beſt*, the moſt *juſt and philoſophical*, definition of *Genius* that was ever given by any writer in any language; that of Dr. JOHNSON * has been ſaid to be the beſt in the Engliſh language—the beſt extant, ſay ſome, in any tongue whatever. It is this: "*True Genius is a mind of large general powers, accidentally determined to ſome particular direction.*" O JOHNSON, hide thy diminiſhed head! and thou, *Critical Reviewer (aut Pinkerton, aut Diabolus)*, in calling this a weak production, what a weak *vermicule* doeſt thou appear! thou haſt (evinced by thy rhymes and proſe profeſſed) neither *Eyes that can ſee*, nor a *Heart that can feel Nature.*

The *Triades* that are here ſelected are from a Manuſcript collection, by *Llywelyn Sion*, a *Bard* of *Glamorgan*, about the year 1560. Of this Manuſcript I have a tranſcript; the original is in the poſſeſſion of

* Life of Cowley.

Mr.

Mr. *Richard Bradford* *, of *Bettws*, near *Bridgend*, in *Glamorgan*. This collection was made from various manuſcripts of conſiderable, and ſome of very great antiquity—theſe, and their authors, are mentioned, and moſt or all of them ſtill extant.

The *Bards* and *Druids* (both one and the ſame people) of *Ancient Britain*, had, before letters were known, reduced the *Arts of Memory* and *oral tradition* into a well *ſyſtematiſed ſcience*. *Song* was one of their methods of giving permanency or fixation to orality: ſongs ſkilfully compoſed on intereſting ſubjects, were learned with avidity, they ſoon became popular, they could be tranſmitted without the aid of letters from one perſon, time, or place, to another, though ever ſo remote. Long details and diffuſe declamations could never be learned orally with any tolerable degree of eaſe, nor could they be retained in the memory; or, were it poſſible, and fact, in a very few extraordinary inſtances, it could never be ſo generally, or ſufficiently frequent, as to be of any material uſe to mankind; for this reaſon, in addition to *Song*, the *Bards* invented a variety of *aphoriſtical forms*, on fixed, regular, and unalterable, principles, that were obvious to the underſtanding, eaſily learned and remembered, it was neceſſary that theſe ſhould not be capable of aſſuming any other form, or materially different mode of ver-

* Son of the late Mr. John Bradford, who, for ſkill in Ancient Britiſh Bardiſm, left not his equal behind.

 bality,

bality, than that in which they were originaliy delivered. Aphoriſms conſtructed on ſuch fixed principles could be learned with eaſe, and with eaſe retained by the memory; they would, with nearly, if not quite, as much facility as *Song*, become *widely diffuſed over a large extent of Place and Time:* in *Songs* and in *Aphoriſms* of this deſcription were the *Theological, Ethical,* and *Scientifical, Maxims* of the *Ancient Bards of Britain* delivered, and theſe were eaſily retained by the public memory.

The term *Bard,* in its original *Cimbric* acceptation, ſignifies *Prieſt*; but, when letters were not known, Song having been found the beſt, moſt pleaſing, and for that reaſon the moſt effectual, means of fixing permanently the *Oralities* of *Religion* and uſeful *ſcience,* it became as indiſpenſably neceſſary for a *Prieſt* to be a *Poet* as it is in theſe times for him to be able to *read and write*; hence *Bard* and *Poet* came in length of time to be *ſynonymous terms.*

Moderns underſtand nothing by the word *Tradition* but the *wildly confuſed popular ſtory of we know not what*; *Old wives tales*; ſomething as widely different from *Bardic Tradition* as the *Eaſt* is from the *Weſt*; and, of courſe, whether they cenſure, or, in part, admit what they call *tradition,* they only talk nonſenſe, and jabber they know not what.

The *Didactic Songs* and *Aphoriſms* of the *Bards* were always laid before their *Grand Meetings, Conventions,* or *Curialities,* of the *Solſtices* and *Equinoxes*; there they

they were diſcuſſed with the moſt ſcrutinizing ſeverity, if admitted at the firſt they were re-conſidered at the ſecond meeting; if then approved of, they were referred to the third meeting; and, being approved of by that, they were ratified or confirmed; otherwiſe they were referred to the *Triennial Supreme Convention* for ultimate conſideration, where all that had been confirmed at the *Provincial Conventions* were alſo recited, and the diſciples, that there attended from every Province, enjoined to learn them, that thereby they might be as widely diffuſed as poſſible; theſe were recited for ever afterwards, annually at leaſt, at every *Curiality*, or *Convention*, in *Britain:* this being the practice, it was impoſſible for *perverſion* and *interpolation* to take place, every thing of this kind would be ſoon detected and rejected; all the *Bardic Traditions* were thus to be for ever recited *annually* at one or other of the four *Grand Meetings* of the year: being thus guarded in *every Province*, it was impoſſible for them to deviate materially from *Truth*. This *well-guarded Tradition* was a better *Guardian of Truth* than letters have ever been, eſpecially before the art Printing was diſcovered: we confide in letters that ſkulk in dens and dark corners; we know not whence they come into light, we often know not how they came into exiſtence. If a manuſcript has a little of the mould of age on it, we admit blindly more of what it ſays as *truth* than becomes a wiſe man. *Letters* can tranſmit lies to poſterity through a long, dark, and un-

known, as it were, ſubterraneous paſſage: *Bardic Tradition* walks in open day and beaten tracks, expoſes itſelf to the *eye of light*, as its own language emphatically has it. *Macpherſon*, *Chatterton*, *Pinkerton* *, and others, could never have ſported with *Bardic Tradition* as they have done with *Letters*. Nothing can more evince the fidelity of *Bardic Tradition* than that the *Romance* of *Geoffry of Monmouth* is never once noticed in any *Bardic Poem* or *Aphoriſm*, and of each there are extant in ancient manuſcripts perhaps a thouſand; it is ſo late as the fourteenth century, and the latter end of it, before any thing of the *Story of Brutus* appears in the writings of any *Welſh Poet*, and every *Poet* was not a *Bard*. The *Bards* never mention, or in the leaſt allude to, the *Trojan* origin of the *Britons*, whatever ſome may *villainouſly* aſſert. They always repreſent the *Cymmry* (Cimbri) as the Indigenes of *Britain*, and never give any farther account of their origin. TALIESIN, by *Llin Droea*, *(Trojan Race,)* means the *Romans*, then in this iſland; not the *Ancient Britons*.

Song, or poeſy, was in the hands of *Bardic Tradition*, and well guarded by it from *falſehood* and *fiction*, which the *Bards* would by no means admit or authorize in the leaſt; and the public would never coun-

* See his *Confeſſional*, as he calls it, in the liſt of *Scotiſh Poets*, prefixed to his firſt volume of *Ancient Scotiſh Poems*, p. cxxxi.

tenance

tenance what their *much-eſteemed Bards* rejected. It was in vain to attempt the propagation of *falſehood* in *Verſe*. Long narrations and declamations in proſe were unmanageable things for *Tradition*, they could not with eaſe come under its cognizance; of courſe it was more open than poeſy to fiction: here letters were able to baffle the truth of *Oral Fidelity*, *Art* triumphed over *Nature*: hence it is that all the *Welſh fabulous writings*, as *Geoffrey's Hiſtory*, *Romances*, *Works of Popiſh ſuperſtition*, &c. are in *proſe*, nothing of the kind appears in *verſe* till about the cloſe of the *fourteenth*, or beginning of the *fifteenth* centuries, when we meet with incidental mention and alluſions to the *Trojan fable*, and the atchievements of *papal prieſtcraft*. About a century before this, *Edward the Bardicide*, ſurnamed *Longſhanks*, had cauſed many of the *Bards* to be maſſacred, and all were *ſeverely reſtricted in the exerciſe of their ancient functions*. They were *Sons of Truth and Liberty*, and of courſe offenſive to that age of *tyranny* and *ſuperſtition*; but the *Welſh* would not ſuffer them to be exterminated. Some of them continued to the time of the *Reformation*, and even to this day. Whatever of fable and ſuperſtition may be found in the *Welſh poetical manuſcripts* of the *fifteenth* and *ſixteenth* centuries muſt not be attributed to *Bardiſm*; for, about this time, the *Monks* retained in their *monaſteries* many *Poets*, [not *Bards*] that were ready and willing enough *to do the work of their maſters*; and they did it.

The *Welſh Bards* and their countrymen were ſo partial to the ſcience of tradition, that it was retained long after letters became generally known, it was by means of it that the *Primitive Chriſtianity* of *Britain* came (hand in hand with *Bardiſm)* down to the preſent day through a *long and very dark night of error* and *Gothic barbarity*, through the *flames of papal perſecution*; on this account the ancient *Welſh Bards*, though they have not yet obtained it, are entitled to as noble a *triumphal arch* as that which has long ago been erected for the *Waldenſes*. I cannot help thinking that the *Patriarchs* had ſomething like the *Bardic Science* of *Oral Tradition*, and that we owe to it the accounts of the *Creation*, of the *Deluge*, the *Book of Job*, &c. and had we ſtill, even in this literary age of the world, a ſet of men thus ſet apart, and ſupported by the Community, to inſtruct the *multitude* (always very ignorant in ſpite of our boaſted books) on the principle of *Bardic Tradition*, it would be in many caſes uſeful, and no leſs ſo as a counterpart to, and a watchful eye over, *Letters*, that, unlooked after, commit daily the moſt enormous *raſcalities:* ſuch an inſtitution alſo amongſt poor *unlettered Heathens* would have a better and more immediate effect than a premature attempt to literate them. Why muſt we not indulge all the ſuggeſtions of Benevolence? why not endeavour to turn every thing to the good of our poor fellow Mortals? this kind of *Tradition* is the *moſt ancient*, the *moſt natural*, and

when

when duly conſidered, and its principles well underſtood, will appear evidently the moſt effectual, method of propagating Knowledge and Truth; my ſuggeſtions are highly countenanced by the example and practice of him *who ſpake as never man did*, whoſe *Sermon on the Mount* is a ſet of Aphoriſms very much like thoſe of the *Bards of Britain*, and who *wrote no book*, but truſted all his divine maxims to the care of *Orality*, where for many years they remained before they were committed to writing, and ever ſince we have had woful reaſons to lament that ſomething like *ſcientific tradition* * had not kept a watchful eye over the ſcoundrel *Scribblecraft*, that *journeyman-thief* of *Prieſtcraft*.

Of all the Aphoriſtical forms, uſed by the *Bards*, the TRIAD is the moſt common; it is ſhort and ſimple; it is conſtructed on fixed and unalterable principles; the relations, reſemblances, and connexions, of its parts to and with each other, and an object or idea wherein all are centered, render it the moſt uſeful of any.

There are ſome, and who can they be but *academical Pedants*, who ſtrain every nerve to find ſomething in the ancient *Welſh literature* to put in competition with the famed productions of *Greece* and *Rome*:

* The pretended tradition of Roman churchiſm, not being founded on ſuch principles, can claim no credit.

they will not be ſucceſsful in this, excepting ſome of our ancient *Odes* and *Paſtorals*. Theſe men, ſeeking for what cannot be found, neglect, as unworthy of their notice, what we have of *Ancient Wiſdom* ſo *originally* and *very ſingularly our own*, that there is no place where it could poſſibly be borrowed from. Our *Ethics* have a beautiful ſublimity, our *Poetical criticiſm* is equal to that of any language, our *ſyſtem of verſification* is *ſuperior* to any thing of the kind, perhaps, in the *World*; it is reduced to twenty-four elementary claſſes, and there is not in any language, ancient or modern, any kind of verſe to be found that is not uſed in the *Welſh language*, and that does not rank under one or the other of our twenty-four primary claſſes; all the principles, all the varieties, all the combinations, of verſe that exiſt in nature belong to one or the other of theſe, and we have in common uſe many kinds ſo ſingularly different from what has ever yet been known in any part of ancient or modern Europe, that no conception of them can well be conveyed to one unacquainted with the Welſh language; and amongſt theſe are ſome of the moſt harmonious that any language can be ſuſceptible of. This ſyſtem of verſification is no modern thing; for, we have it in manuſcripts of 500 years ſtanding; it was completed, and received its higheſt and ultimate poliſh, when every other European language, now living, was yet in the dark womb of barbarity.

After

After what I have ſaid of the origin and occaſion of the *Triades*, the candid reader will rather attend to the nature of the ſentiment than to the cramped mode of expreſſing it, and judge of their author's abilities, by what, with ſuch ideas, he would have performed in the modern modes of literature, rather than what he was neceſſitated to do we know not how many centuries ago, when written diſſertations were not known, and could be of no uſe.

The *Triades* are titled in *Welſh*, "*Trïoedd Beirdd Ynys Prydain*," i. e. "The Triades of the Bards of the Iſland of Britain:" they are claſſed under various heads, of *Inſtitutes*, *Theology*, *Ethics*, *Poetical Criticiſm*, &c. of each I will give a ſpecimen.

Trïoedd Braint a Defod.

1. *Tri chynteſigion Beirdd gorſeddog Ynys Prydain*, PLENNYNDD, ALAWN, *a* GWRON.

2. *Am dri achos y gelwir y Beirdd, yn* FEIRDD WRTH FRAINT A DEFOD BEIRDD YNYS PRYDAIN, *yn gyntaf am mae yn* YNYS PRYDAIN *y cafwyd Barddoniaeth gyntaf, yn ail am nâ chafwys un gwlâd arall trioed ddeall cyfiawn ar Farddoniaeth; yn drydydd am*

nas gellir cynnal Barddoniaeth gyfiawn eithr ym Mraint Defoddu a Llafar Gorſedd BEIRDD YNYS PRYDAIN, *ac am hynn o bâ wlâd bynnag y bônt,* BEIRDD WRTH FRAINT A DEFOD BEIRDD YNYS PRYDAIN *au gelwir.*

3. *Tri chôf Beirdd Ynys Prydain, Côf Cân; Côf Llafar Gorſedd; a Chôf Defod.*

4. *Tri rhyw Beirdd Ynys Prydain, Prifeirdd er cyn Créd, a gwedi Créd, Beirdd Beli a'r Oferfeirdd.*

5. *Tri rhyw Prifeirdd y ſydd,* BARDD BRAINT, *neu* BRIFARDD PENDANT, *wrth Fraint Defod, a Llafar Gorſedd; a'i ſwydd yw llywodraethu:* OFYDD, *wrth Awen, ymgais, a dichwain; a'i ſwydd yw Awenyddu:* a DERWYDD, *wrth Bwyll, Anſawdd, a Gorſod; a'i ſwydd yw Athrawiaethu.*

6. *Tair Braint Beirdd Ynys Prydain, Trwyddedogaeth lle'r elont; nas dyccer arf noeth yn eu herbyn; o gair eu gair hwy ar bawb.*

7. *Tair diben Barddoniaeth, Gwellhau moes a defod; cynnal heddwch; a moli pob daionus a rhagor.*

8. *Tripheth a waherddir i Fardd, dwyn anfawl; dwyn anfoes; a dwyn arfau.*

9. *Tri modd addyſg Beirdd Ynys Prydain, Addyſg Llafar, Cân, a Defod, wrth fraint Gorſedd.*

10. *Tri llawenydd Beirdd Ynys Prydain, Llwydd gwybodaeth, Gwellhâd moes, a gorfod Heddwch ar ddifrod ag Anraith.*

11. *Tri*

11. *Tri cheinmyged Beirdd Ynys Prydain, gorfod dyſg ar annyſg, gorfod pwyll ar amhwyll, a gorfod Heddwch ar ddifrod ag anraith.*

12. *Tri angeneddyl Beirdd Ynys Prydain, amlygu gwir ai ddoſparth; cynnal côf mawl am a fo daionus a rhagor; a gyrru heddwch ar ddifrod ag anraith.*

13. *Tri angenwrthun Beirdd Ynys Prydain, Cêl gan orfod er heddwch a lles; Cwyn anfawl gan raid Cyfiawnder, a noethi Clêdd ar ddifrod ag anraith.*

14. *Tri pheth nid oes a êl yn eu herbyn, defod gorſedd; cân gorſedd; a Llafar gorſedd.*

15. *Tri pheth a ddylai Bardd eu cynnal, y Iaith Gymraeg, y Brif-Farddoniaeth, a chôf am bob daionus a rhagor.*

16. *Tripheth nis gellir Bardd hebddynt, awen wrth gerdd, gwybod cyfrinach Barddas, a chynneddfa da.*

17. *Tair deddf-oehel y ſydd ar Fardd; gochel diogi can mai gwr wrth ymgais ydyw; gochel cynnen can mai gwr wrth heddwch ydyw; a gochel ffolineb can mai gwr wrth bwyll ydyw.*

18. *Tair cenedl a lygraſant, a fu ganthynt ar ddyſg o Farddoniaeth Beirdd Ynys Prydain, drwy gymmyſg oſerbwyll, ac o hynny ai collaſant; y* Gwyddelod, Cymmry Llydaw, *a'r* Ellmyn.

Insti-

Institutional Triades.

1. The three firſt Inſtitutional Bards of Britain were *Plennydd*, *Alawn*, and *Gwron*.

2. For three reaſons are the Bards titled *Bards, according to the rights and inſtitutes of the Bards of the Iſland of Britain*; firſt, becauſe *Bardiſm* originated in *Britain*; ſecondly, becauſe *pure Bardiſm* was never well underſtood in any other country; thirdly, becauſe *pure Bardiſm* can never be preſerved and continued but by means of the *Inſtitutes* and *Voice-conventional* of the Bards of the Iſland of Britain; for this reaſon, of whatever country they may be, they are titled *Bards, according to the Rights and Inſtitutes of the Bards of the Iſland of Britain.*

3. The three memorials of the Bards of the Iſland of Britain, memorial of Song, memorial of Bardic Voice-conventional, and the memorial of oſtenſible Uſage.

4. Of three deſcriptions are the Bards of the Iſland of Britain: *Primitive Bards*, inſtituted before Chriſtianity, and ſince that, the *Bards of Beli*, and the *Bards Diſſentient.*

5. There are three orders of the *Primitive Bards.*—The Ruling Bard, or Primitive Bard poſitive, according to the *rights*, *voice*, and *uſage*, of the *Bardic Conventions*, whoſe office it is to ſuperintend and regulate:

gulate: the *Ovate* (or *Euvate)*, according to *genius*, *exertion*, and *incident*; whoſe avocation it is to act on the principles of inventive genius: and the DRUID, according to the *reaſon*, *nature*, and *neceſſities*, of things; and his office is to inſtruct.

6. The three primary privileges of the Bards of the Iſland of Britain, are, maintenance wherever they go; that no naked weapon be borne in their preſence; and their teſtimony preferred to that of all others.

7. The three ultimate intentions of *Bardiſm*—to reform morals and cuſtoms; to ſecure peace; and to celebrate the praiſes of all that is good and excellent.

8. Three things are forbidden to a Bard: immorality, to ſatirize, and to bear arms.

9. The three modes of inſtruction uſed by the Bards of the Iſland of Britain: the dictates of the voice-conventional, of ſong, and of uſage conventional.

10. The three joys of the Bards of the Iſland of Britain: the increaſe of knowledge; the reformation of manners; and the triumphs of peace over the lawleſs and depredatory.

11. The three ſplendid triumphs of the Bards of the Iſland of Britain: the triumph of learning over ignorance; the triumph of reaſon over irrationality; and the triumph of peace over the lawleſs and depredatory.

12. The three congenialities (or *attributes)* of the Bards of the Iſland of Britain: to make truth manifeſt

nifeſt and diffuſe the knowledge of it; to perpetuate the praiſe of all that is good and excellent; and with peace to prevail over the lawleſs and depredatory.

13. The three neceſſary, but reluctant, duties of the Bards of the Iſland of Britain: ſecreſy for the ſake of peace and public good; invective lamentation required by juſtice; and to unſheath the ſword againſt the lawleſs and depredatory.

14. Three things cannot be controverted: the uſages, the ſong, and the voice, of the Bardic Convention.

15. Three things muſt be preſerved by the Bards: the *Cimbric language*; the *Primitive Bardiſm*; and the remembrance of all that is *good and excellent*.

16. Without three qualifications no one can be a Bard: a poetical genius; the knowledge of the Bardic inſtitutes; and irreproachable morals.

17. There are three avoidant injunctions on the Bard: to avoid ſloth as being the man of diligence and exertion; to avoid contention as being the man of peace; and to avoid folly as being the man of reaſon.

18. Three nations corrupted what was taught them of the Britiſh Bardiſm, blending with it heterogeneal principles, by which means they loſt it; the *Scots* (Iriſh), the *Letavian Cimbri* *, and the *Germans*.

* The Bretons of France.

Theſe

Theſe contain moſt of the leading maxims of the *Britiſh Bardic inſtitution:* how they may illuſtrate, correct, and be corrected by, what the *Greek* and *Roman* writers have related of the *Bards* and *Druids* let the learned enquire. Of all the modern Bardic hiſtorians, not one has given us a ſingle word of truth, or any thing like good ſenſe, but Mr. W. OWEN, prefixed to his lately publiſhed tranſlation from the *Welſh* of the Poetical Works of *Llywarch Hén.*

Trioedd Barddas *.

1. *Tri* un *cyntefig y ſydd, ag nis gellir amgen nag* un *honynt,* Un Duw; Un Gwirionedd; *ag* Un Pwnge Rhyddyd, *ſef y bydd lle bo cydbwys pob gwrth.*

2. *Tripheth tardd o'r* tri Un *cyntefig, pob* Bywyd; *pob* Daioni. *a phob* Gallu.

3. *O dri anghenfod y mae* Duw, *ſef y mwyaf parth* bywyd; *y mwyaf parth* gwybod; *a'r mwyaf parth* nerth; *ag nis gellir namyn un o'r mwyaf ar unpeth.*

4. *Tri pheth nis dichon* Duw *lai na hod, a ddylai 'r dâ cyflawn; a ddymunai 'r dâ cyflawn; ag a ddichon y dâ cyflawn.*

* *Trïoedd Barddas (Triades of Bardiſm),*] i. e. Sacerdotal Triades, from *Bardd* in its primeval acceptation of *Prieſt.*

5. *Tri*

5. *Tri thyſtion* Duw *am a wnaeth ag a wnâ*, Gallu *anfeidrol*; Gwybodaeth *anfeidrol*; *a* Chariad *anfeidrol*; *gan nad oes nas dichon, nas gwyr, ag nas mynn, y rhain.*

6. *Tri phendod trefn gwaith* Duw, *er peri pôb peth; dirymmu 'r drwg; nerthu 'r dâ; ag amlygu pôb gwahauiaeth; fal y gwyper a ddylai oddiwrth na ddylai fôd.*

7. *Tripheth nis gall* Duw *lai na'u gwneuthur, y mwyaf ei lês; y mwyaf ei eiſiau; a'r mwyaf er harddwch o bob peth.*

8. *Tri chadernyd hanfod, nis gellir amgen; nid rhaid amgen; ag nis gellir gwell gan feddwl; ag yn hynn y diwedd pob peth.*

9. *Tri pheth dîr y byddant; eitha Gallu; eitha dëall; ag eitha cariad* Duw.

10. *Tri bannogion* Duw; *Bywyd cyfoll; Gwybodaeth cyfoll; a Chadernyd cyfoll.*

11. *Tri achos bywedigion*, Cariad Duw *gan eitha deall cyflawn*; Deall Duw *yn gwybod eitha moddion*; *a* Nerth Duw *gan eitha* Mynn *Cariad a Deall.*

12. *Tri chylch hanfod y ſydd*, Cylch y Ceugant*, *lle nid oes namyn* Duw, *na byw na marw, ag nid oes namyn* Duw *a eill ei dreiglo*; Cylch yr Abred, *lle pob Anſawdd-hanfod o'r marw, a Dyn a'i treiglwys*; Cylch y

* *Ceugant*,] in its etymological ſenſe, ſignifies the *Circle of Vacuity*; in its metaphyſical acceptation, here, it ſignifies the immenſe void beyond the bounds of the *material Creation*, into which none but the Deity can penetrate.

Gwynfyd,

Gwynfyd, *lle pob Anſawdd-hanfod o'r Byw, a Dyn a'i treigla yn y Néf.*

13. *Tri chyflwr hanfod Bywedigion, Cyflwr* Abred * *yn* Annwn; *Cyflwr* Ryddyd *yn* Nyndod; *a Chyflwr* Cariad, *ſef Gwynfyd, yn y* Nef.

14. *Tri Angen pob hanfod wrth fywyd, dechre yn* Annwn; *Treigl yn* Abred; *a Chyflawnder yn y* Nêf, *ſef* Cylch y Gwynfyd; *ag heb hynn o dripheth nis gellir unpeth namyn* Duw.

15. *Tripeth Angen yn* Abred, *y Lleiaf o bob byw, ag o hynny dechre*; Defnydd *pob peth, ag o hynny cynnydd, yr hynn nis gellir mewn cyflwr amgen*; *a* llunio *pob peth o'r marw, ag o hynny* Gwanhanfod.

16. *Tripeth nis gellir amgen na'u bôd ar bôb byw gan gyfiawnder* Duw; Cydymoddef yn Abred, *can heb hynny ni cheylai neb gyflawn wybod ar ddim*; Cydran *cydfraint yngharlad* Duw, a Chyttiwedd, *gan allu* Duw *wrth a fo cyfiawn a thrugar.*

17. *Tri achos angen* Abred, *cynnull* defnydd *pob Anſawdd*; *cynnull* Gwybodaeth *pob peth*; *a chynnull* Nerth *er gorfod pob gwrth a Chythraul, ag ymddioſg a'r drwg*; *ag heb hynn a dreiglo pob cyflwr byw, nis gellir Cyflawn ar un byw na rhyw.*

18. *Tri phrif anffawd Abred,* Angen, Anghof, ag Angau.

* *Abred,* from the root *prêd,* whence *Yſpred,* diveſtigations; or things rejected; and *hybred,* wanting, or ſubject, to be diveſtigated.

19. *Tri*

19. *Tri phen Angen y ſydd cynn cyflwyr Wybodaeth, treiglo 'r* Abred; *treiglo 'r* Gwynfyd; *a* Chof *o'r cyfan hyd yn* Annwn.

20. *Tri chynghyd anhepcor Abred,* Anghyfraith gan nas gellir amgen; Dianc Angau * *rhag drwg a Chythraul;* a Chynnydd bywyd a Daioni, *gan ymddioſg a 'r drwg yn niaingc Angau; a hynn o* Gariad Duw *yn gafaelu ar bob peth.*

21. *Tri pheiriant* Duw *yn Abred er gorfod Drwg a Chythraul, a diangc addiwrthynt at Wynfyd,* Angen; Anghof; *ag* Angau.

22. *Tri chynghyfoedion y ſydd,* Dyn: Rhyddyd; a Goleuni.

23. *Tri Angenorfod Dyn,* Dioddef, Newid, *a* Dewis; *a chan allu dewis ni wyper am y ddau arall cyn digwydd.*

24. *Tri Chydgyfran Dyn,* Abred *a* Gwynfyd; Angen *a* Rhyddyd, *a* Drwg *a* Dâ; *ag oll yn gydbwys; a gallu gau ddyn ymylynn wrth yr un ſyuno.*

25. *O dripheth y ſyrth Angen* Abred *ar Ddyn,* Anymgais a Gwybodaeth; anymlyn a'r Dâ; *ag* ymlyn a'r Drwg, *ſef y ſyrth, gan hynn o bethau, hyd ei gydryw yn* Abred, *a threiglo 'n ei ol fal y bu gyntaf.*

* *Angau* (Death) ſignifies etymologically *Liberations,* being the plural of *Ang* (Liberation, or Enlargement), *Diangc* (Eſcape) is from the ſame root. *Dy,* or *Di,* a prepoſitive, augmentative and frequentative, and *Ang.*

26. *O*

26. *O dripheth y ſyrthier yn Abred gan Angen, er ymlynu ymhob peth arall wrth y Dâ,* o Falchder *hyd* Annwn; o Anwiredd *hyd* Obryn; *ag* o Anhrugaredd, *hyd* Gydfil, *a threiglo 'n ôl at* Ddyndod *fal o'r blaen.*

27. *Tri chyntefigaeth cyflwr Dyn, cynnull cyntaf ar* Wybodaeth, Cariad, *a* Nerth, *heb* Angau; *ag nis gellir hynn ym mraint* Rhydd *a* Dewis *cyn* Dyndod: *a'r ri hynn a elwir y tri gortrech.*

28. *Tri gortrech ar Ddrwg a Chythraul y ſydd;* Gwybodaeth Cariad, *a* Gallu; *gan y* gwyr, *y* mynn, *ag y* dichon *y rhain yn eu cynghyd y pethau a fynnont, ag ynghyflwr Dyn eu dechre, a' parhâu dros fyth.*

29. *Tri braint cyflwr Dyn,* Cydbwys drwg a dâ, *ag yna* Cymharaieth; Rhyddyd wrth Ddewis *ag o hynny* Barn *a* Dewis; *a* Chynnechre Gallu, *ym mraint Barn a Dewis, gan eu rhaid cyn dim arall o wncuthur.*

30. *Tri gwahaniaeth angenorfod rhwng Dyn, a phob byw arall, a* Duw: Ing ar Ddyn *ag nis gellir ar* Dduw; dechre *ar* Ddyn *ag nis gellir ar* Dduw; *ag angen newid cyflwr olynol ynghylch y Gwynfyd ar* Ddyn, *o anoddef y Ceugant,* ag nis gellir ar Dduw, *gan allu pôb dioddef, a hynny gan Wynfyd.*

31. *Tri chyntefigaeth Gwynfyd,* Annrwg; Anneiſiau; *ag* Annarfod.

32. *Tri* adfer *Cylch y Gwynfyd,* Awen *gyſefin: a* gared *gyſefin;* a Chôf *y cyſefin; am nas gellir Gwynfyd hebddynt.*

33. *Tri gwahanfod pob byw gwrtharall;* Awen; Côf; *a* Chanfod; *ſes y bydd cyflawn ar bobun, ag nis gellir*

gellir cyfun y rhain ar un byw arall, a phob un yn gyflawn, ag nis gellir dau gyflawn ar ddim.

34. *Tri pheth a roddwys* Duw *ar bob byw, ſef* Cyflawnder ei Ryw; Gwahander pen ei hûn; *a* Bannogaeth Awen gyſeſin *rhag arall; yna* hunan cyfoll *pob un gwrtharall.*

35. *O ddeall tripheth y bydd difant a gortrech ar bob drwg a marw;* Anſawdd; Achos; *a* Pheiriant, *a hynn a geir yn y Gwynfyd.*

36. *Tri chadernyd gwybodaeth, darfod treiglo pob cyflwr bywyd; Cofio treiglo pob cyflwr ai ddamwain; a gallu treiglo pob cyflwr fal y mynner, er prawf a barn: a hynn a gair ynghylch y Gwynfyd.*

37. *Tri bannogion pob byw ynghylch y Gwynfyd,* Swydd, Braint, ag Awen, *ag nis gellir dau 'n bôd yn* Ungyfun *ymhôb peth, gan y bydd cyflawn pob un yn y bô bamog arno: ag nid oes cyflawn ar ddim heb y maint oll a dlichon fod o hano.*

38. *Tripheth nis gall namyn* Duw, *dioddef bythoedd y Ceugant; Cynghyd a phob cyflwr heb newidiaw, a rhoi gwell a newydd ar bôb peth heb ei roi ar goll.*

39. *Tripheth nis gellir darfod byth arnynt gan angen eu galledigacth; Dull hanfod; Anſawdd hanfod; a Llês hanfod, gan hynn byddant hyd fyth yn eu hannrwg, ai byw ai marw ydynt, yn amrafael hardd a daionus Cylch y Gwynfyd.*

40. *Tri rhagor newid cyflwr yn y Gwynfyd, Addyſg; Harddwch, a Gorphwys rhag anallu dioddef y Ceugant a'r tragywyddol.*

41. *Tri-*

41. *Tripheth ſydd ar eu cynnydd, Tân, ſef Goleuni; Deall, ſef Gwirionedd; ag Enaid, ſef Bywyd; a gorfod a wnant ar bôb peth, ag yna diwedd Abred.*

42. *Tripheth y ſydd ar eu difant; Tywyll; Anwir; a Marw.*

43. *Tripheth ſy 'n ymgadarnhâu beunydd, gan fôd mwyaf yr ymgais attynt, Cariad; Gwybodaeth; a Chyfiawnder.*

44. *Tripheth ſy 'n ymwanhâu beunydd, gan faint pennaf yr ymgais yn eu gwrth; Cas; Camwedd; ag Anwybodaeth.*

45. *Tri chyflawnder Gwynfyd; Cyfran ymhôb Anſawdd, ag* UN *cyflawn yn pennu; Cyfymddwyn a phôb Awen, ag yn* UN *rhagori; Cariad at bôb Byw a Bôd, a thuag at* UN, *ſef* DUW, *yn bennaf; ag yn y tri* UN *yma y ſaif Cyflawnder Nêf a Gwynfyd.*

46, *Tri Angen* DUW, *Anfeidrol ger ei hûn; Meidrol ger meidrol; a chyfun a phôb cyflwr Bywydolion yngyleh y Gwynfyd.*

TRIADES OF BARDISM, *or Theological Triades.*

1. There are three primeval *Unities*, and more than *one* of each cannot exiſt: *one God*; *one Truth*; and *one point of Liberty*, and this is where all oppoſites equiponderate.

2. Three

2. Three things proceed from the three primeval *Unities:* all of *Life*, all that is *Good*, and all *Power*.

3. God conſiſts neceſſarily of three things: the greateſt of *Life*, the greateſt of *Knowledge*, and the greateſt of *Power*; and of what is the greateſt there can be no more than *one* of any thing.

4. Three things it is impoſſible God ſhould not be: whatever perfect Goodneſs ſhould be, whatever perfect Goodneſs would deſire to be, and whatever perfect Goodneſs can perform.

5. Three things evince what God has done and will do: infinite Power, infinite Wiſdom, and infinite Love; for, there is nothing that theſe attributes want of Power, of Knowledge, or of Will, to perform.

6. The three regulations of God towards giving exiſtence to every thing: to annihilate the power of evil, to aſſiſt all that is good, and to make diſcrimination manifeſt, that it might be known what ſhould and what ſhould not be.

7. Three things it is impoſſible that God ſhould not perform: what is moſt beneficial, what all want moſt, and what is moſt beautiful of all things.

8. The three ſtabilities of exiſtence: what cannot be otherwiſe, what need not be otherwiſe, and what cannot be conceived better; and in theſe will all things end.

9. Three

9. Three things will infallibly be done: all that is poſſible for the Power, for the Wiſdom, and for the Love, of GOD to perform.

10. The three grand attributes of GOD: infinite Plenitude of Life, of Knowledge, and of Power.

11. Three cauſes produced animated beings: *Divine Love*, poſſeſſed of perfect Knowledge; *Divine Wiſdom*, knowing all poſſible means; and *Divine Power*, poſſeſſed by the joint Will of Divine Love and Wiſdom.

12. There are three Circles (or ſtates) of exiſtence: the *Circle of Infinity*, where there is nothing but GOD, of living or dead, and none but GOD can traverſe it; the *Circle of Inchöation*, where all things are by Nature derived from Death; this circle has been traverſed by man; and the *Circle of Felicity*, where all things ſpring from *Life*; this man ſhall traverſe in Heaven.

13. Animated Beings have three ſtates of exiſtence: that of *Inchöation* in the *Great Deep* (or *Loweſt point of exiſtence)*; that of *Liberty* in the ſtate of *Humanity*; and that of *Love*, which is *Felicity*, in *Heaven*.

14. All animated Beings are ſubject to three Neceſſities: *a beginning* in the *Great Deep* (loweſt point of exiſtence), *Progreſſion* in the *Circle of Inchöation*, and *Plenitude* in Heaven, or the *Circle of Felicity*; without theſe things nothing can poſſibly exiſt but GOD.

15. Three things are neceſſary in the *Circle of Inchöation*: the *leaſt of all animation*, and thence the *begin-*

ning; the *materials* of all things, and thence *increaſe*, which cannot take place in any other ſtate; the Formation of all things out of the dead maſs, hence *diſcriminate individuality*.

16. Three things cannot but exiſt towards all animated Beings from the nature of *Divine Juſtice*: *Co-ſufferance* in the *Circle of Inchöation*, becauſe without that none could attain to the perfect knowledge of any thing; *Co-participation* in the *Divine Love*; and *Co-ultimity* from the *Nature of* GOD's *Power*, and its attributes of *Juſtice* and *Mercy*.

17. There are three neceſſary occaſions of *Inchöation (metempſychoſis)*: to collect the *materials* and properties of every Nature; to collect the *knowledge* of every thing; and to collect *Power* towards ſubduing the *Adverſe* and *Devaſtative*, and for the *diveſtation* of *Evil*: without this traverſing every mode of animated exiſtence, no ſtate of animation, or of any thing in Nature, can attain to *Plenitude*.

18. The three great, or primary, infelicities of the *Circle of Inchöation*: *Neceſſity*, *loſs of Memory*, and *Death*.

19. There are three principal indiſpenſabilities (neceſſities) before plenitude of knowledge can be obtained: to traverſe the *Circle of Inchöation*; to traverſe the *Circle of Felicity*; and the recovered *memory* of all things down to the *Great Deep*.

20. Three things are indiſpenſably connected with the ſtate of *Inchöation*: *no ſubjection to in-*

junctive

junctive laws, becauſe it is impoſſible for any actions to be there otherwiſe than they are; the *Eſcape of Death* from all *Evil* and *Devaſtation*; and the *Accumulation* of *Life* and *Good*, by becoming diveſted of *Evil* in the *Eſcapes of Death*; and all through *Divine Love* embracing all things.

21. The three inſtrumentalities of God in the *Circle of Inchöation*, towards ſubduing *Evil* and *Devaſtation*: *Neceſſity*; *Loſs of Memory*; and *Death*.

22. There are three Connates: *Man*, *Liberty*, and *Light* *.

23. The three neceſſary incidents of Humanity: to *ſuffer*, to *change*, and to *chuſe*; and, man having the power of *chuſing*, it is impoſſible before occurrence to foreſee what his *ſufferings* and *changes* will be.

24. The three equiportions of Humanity: *Inchöation* and *Felicity*; *Neceſſity* and *Liberty*; *Evil* and *Good*; all equiponderate; man having the power of attaching himſelf to either the one or the other.

25. From three cauſes will the neceſſity of *rëinchoation* fall on Man: from *not endeavouring to obtain knowledge*; from *non-attachment to Good*; and from *attachment to Evil*; occaſioned by theſe things he will fall down to his *connatural ſtate* in the *Circle of Inchöation*, whence, as at firſt, he returns to *Humanity*.

26. For three reaſons muſt Man unavoidably fall into the *Circle of Inchöation*, though he has in every

* Intellectual light is here probably meant.

thing elſe attached himſelf to Good: *Pride*, for which he falls down to the utmoſt of the *Great Deep*, or *loweſt point of exiſtence*; *Falſehood (Untruth)*, to a *ſtate correſponding with his turpitude*; and *Cruelty* into a *correſponding ſtate of brutal Malignity*, whence, as at firſt, he returns to the ſtate of *Humanity*.

27. Three things are primitial in the ſtate of Humanity: the accumulations of *Knowledge*, *Benevolence*, and *Power*, without undergoing *Diſſolution (Death)*. This cannot be done, as of *Liberty* and *Choice*, in any ſtate previous to *Humanity*; theſe are called the *three Victories*.

28. The three *victories* over *Evil* and *Devaſtation* are *Knowledge*; *Love (Benevolence)*; and *Power*; for theſe *know how*, *have the will*, and the *Power*, in their conjunctive capacities, to effect all they can deſire: theſe begin, and are for ever continued, in the *ſtate of Humanity*.

29. The three privileges of the *ſtate of Humanity*: *Equiponderance of Evil and Good*, whence *Comparativity*; *Liberty of Choice*, whence *Judgement and Preference*; and the *origin of Power*, proceeding from *Judgement and Preference*; theſe being indiſpenſably prior to all other exertions.

30. In three things *Man* unavoidably differs from God: *Man* is a *finite*, God is *infinite*; *Man* had a beginning, which God could not have; *Man* not being able to endure *Eternity*, muſt have in the *Circle of Felicity* a rotatory change of his mode of exiſtence:

God

God is under no ſuch neceſſity, being able to endure all things, and that conſiſtent with *Felicity*.

31. Three things are primitial in the *Circle of Felicity: ceſſation of Evil*; *ceſſation of Want*; and the *ceſſation of Periſhing*.

32. The three reſtorations of the *Circle of Felicity*: Reſtoration of *Original Genius* and *Character*; Reſtoration of *all that was primevally beloved*; and the Reſtoration of *Remembrance* from the origin of all things; without theſe, perfect *Felicity* cannot ſubſiſt.

33. Three things diſcriminate every animated being from all others: *Original Genius*; *peculiarity of Remembrance*, and *peculiarity of Perception*: each of theſe in its *Plenitude*, and two *Plenitudes* of any thing cannot exiſt.

34. With three things has God endued every animated being: with all the *Plenitude* of his own Nature; with *Individuality* differing from that of all others; and with an *original aud peculiar Character and Genius*, which is that of no other being: hence in every being a *Plenitude of that* Self, differing from all others.

35. By the knowledge of three things will all *Evil* and *Death* be diminiſhed and ſubdued: their *Nature*; their *Cauſe*; and their *Operations*: this knowledge will be obtained in the *Circle of Felicity*.

36. The three ſtabilities of Knowledge are: to have traverſed every ſtate of animated exiſtence; to remember every ſtate and its incidents; and to be able

to traverſe all ſtates of animation that can be deſired, for the ſake of experience and judgement: this will be obtained in the *Circle of Felicity*.

37. The three peculiar diſtinctions of every being in the Circle of Felicity are: *Vocation*; *Privilege*; and *Character* (Diſpoſition); nor is it poſſible for any two beings to be uniformly the ſame in every thing; for, every one will poſſeſs *Plenitude* of what conſtitutes his incommunicable diſtinction from all others; and there can be no *Plenitude* of any thing without having it in a degree that comprehends the whole of it that can exiſt.

38. Three things none but GOD can do: to endure the *Eternities* of the *Circle of Infinity*; to participate of every ſtate of exiſtence without changing; and to reform and renovate every thing without cauſing the loſs of it.

39. Three things can never be annihilated, from their unavoidable poſſibilities: *Mode of exiſtence*; *Eſſentials of exiſtence*; and the *Utility of every mode of exiſtence*: theſe will, *diveſted of their Evils*, exiſt for ever, as varieties of the *Good* and *Beautiful* in the *Circle of Felicity*.

40. The three excellences of changing mode of exiſtence in the *Circle of Felicity*: *Acquiſition of knowledge*; *Beautiful variety*; and *Repoſe*, from not being able to endure uniform *Infinity* and uninterrupted *Eternity*.

41. Three things increaſe continually: *Fire*, or *Light*; *Underſtanding*, or *Truth*; *Soul*, or *Life*: theſe will

will prevail over every thing elſe, and then the ſtate of *Inchöation* will ceaſe.

42. Three things dwindle away continually: the *Dark*; the *Falſe*; and the *Dead*.

43. Three things accumulate ſtrength continually, there being a majority of deſires towards them: *Love*; *Knowledge*; and *Juſtice*.

44. Three things become more and more enfeebled daily, there being a majority of deſires in oppoſition to them: *Hatred*; *Injuſtice*; and *Ignorance*.

45. The three *Plenitudes* of *Felicity*: Participation of every Nature with a plenitude of ONE predominant; Conformity to every caſt of Genius and Character, poſſeſſing ſuperior excellence in ONE; the Love of all beings and exiſtences, but chiefly concentered in ONE object, which is GOD; and in the predominant ONE of each of theſe will the *Plenitude of* FELICITY conſiſt.

46. The three neceſſary Eſſentials of GOD: *Infinite* in himſelf; *Finite* to finite comprehenſions; and *Cöunity* with every mode of exiſtence in the *Circle of Felicity*.

Theſe Triades have often an air of tautology, occaſioned by this very circumſcribed mode of dictating in ſhort aphoriſms that afford not room for ſufficient explication, whence the neceſſity of reſuming a ſubject in a ſecond, third, or fourth, Triad; and, perhaps, oftener on ſome occaſions.

I find but very little aſſiſtance from the technology of *Modern* (derived from the *Grecian)* Metaphyſics, in my attempts to render the language of *Bardiſm* into Engliſh, and have made no great uſe of it.

The Bardic Theology, and the morality deduced from it, are truly patriarchal, pure, add ſublime. I ſhall here inſert a few of the *Ethical Triades*, or, as they are titled, *Triades of Wiſdom*.

Trioedd Doethineb.

1. *Tri chynnerion Doethineb; Ufuddhâd; i Ddeddfau Duw; Yngais a lles Dyn; a Dioddef yn lew poh digwydd bywyd.*

2. *Tair Deddf gweithredoedd Dyn; a wahârddo yn arall; a geiſio gan arall; ag ni waeth gantho ba wêdd y bo gan arall.*

3. *Tri pheth o'u deall a barant heddwch, ſyrth Anian; hawl Cyfiawnder; a Llafar Gwirionedd.*

4. *Tair ffordd y ſydd i chwilio calon Dyn; ſef yn y peth nas tybio; yn y môdd nas tybio; ag ar y pryd nas tybio.*

5. *Tri pheth y ſydd ni chân Duw a'u caro; Gweled Ymladd; gweled anghynfil; a gweled Rhodres Balchder.*

6.

6. *O dri pheth y mae Doethineb, Gwirionedd; Yſtyr; a Goddef.*

7. *Tri dihen gwybodaeth, Dyled; Budd; a Phryd-ferthwch.*

8. *Tri Dyn y dylai bawb edrych yn ſerchog arnynt; ſef a ddiſgwyl yn ſerchog ar wyneb y ddaear, ar ymbwyll celfydd, ag ar blant bychain.*

9. *Tri Dyn ni charant eu Gwlad; a garo ei fôl; a garo gyfoeth; ag a garo eſmwythder.*

10. *Tri pheth y ſydd; a'r wraig a garo weled y cyntaf nis anghar y ddau arall; Wyneb ei hûn mewn drych; cefn ei gwr o bell; a gordderchwr yn ei gwely.*

11. *Tri chwerthin ffôl; am benn y dâ; am benn y drwg; ag am benn nas gwyr beth.*

12. *Tri pheth ſy 'n llygru 'r Byd; Balchder; Afraid; a Seguryd.*

Ethical Triades.

1. The three primary principles of Wiſdom: Obedience to the Laws of God; Concern for the welfare of Mankind: and ſuffering with fortitude all the accidents of Life.

2. The

2. The three great laws of Man's actions: what he forbids in another; what he requires from another; and what he cares not how it is done by another.

3. Three things well underſtood will give Peace: the tendencies of Nature; the claims of Juſtice; and the voice of Truth.

4. There are three ways of ſearching the heart of Man: in the thing he is not aware of; in the manner he is not aware of; and at the time he is not aware of.

5. There are three things, and God will not love him that loves to look at them: Fighting; a Monſter; and the pompoſity of Pride.

6. Three things produce Wiſdom: Truth; Conſideration; and Suffering.

7. The three great ends of Knowledge: Duty; Utility; and Decorum.

8. There are three men that all ought to look upon with affection: he that, with affection, looks at the face of the earth; that is delighted with rational works of art; and that looks lovingly on little infants.

9. Three men will not love their country: he that loves luxurious food: he that loves riches; and he that loves eaſe.

10. Three things may be obſerved in a woman; and, loving the firſt, ſhe will not diſlike the other

two:

two: her own face in the mirror: her huſband's back afar off; and a gallant in her bed.

11. The three laughs of a fool: at the Good; at the Bad; and at he knows not what.

12. Three things corrupt the world: Pride; Superfluity; and Indolence.

We have a ſet of Triades, entitled *Trïoedd Pawl* (Paul's Triades). They are a ſelection of the Chriſtian doctrines put into this aphoriſtical form, and thus adapted to Bardic recitation and tradition.

Trïoedd Pawl.

1. *Tri Dyn y ſydd, Dyn i Dduw, a wna ddâ dros ddrwg; Dyn i ddyn a wna ddâ dros ddâ, a drwg dros ddrwg; a Dyn i Ddiawl a wna ddrwg dros ddâ.*

2. *Tri menwydigion Duw, Gwâr; heddgar; a thrugar.*

3. *Tri nodau plant Duw, ymddwyn difalch, Cydwybod lân; a dioddef camwedd yn Amyneddgar.*

4. *Tri phrif ofynion Duw, Cariad, Cyfiawnder, ag Ufudd dod.*

5. *Tri lle y bydd y mwyaf o Dduw, lle mwyaf bo a'i cais; y mwyaf ai câr, a lleiaf o'r hunan.*

6. *Tri*

6. *Tri chelwydd y ſydd, Celwydd gwedyd, Celwydd Taw, a Chelwydd ymddwyn; a phôb ûn a bair credu nas dylit.*

7. *Tri pheth a gaiff Dyn o gredu yn Nuw, a fo raid yn y byd; heddwch cydwybod; ag ymgyd ar nefol.*

8. *Tri chyngor Laſar, Crêd yn Nuw a'th wnaeth; Câr Dduw a'th brynwys; ag ofna Dduw a'th farn.*

9. *Tri choſp Criſton ar ei Elyn, Maddeu iddo; Tewi arno; a gwneuthur daioni iddo hyd eitha gallu.*

10. *Tri gofal Criſton; rhag digio Duw; rhag tramgwyddo Dyn; a rhag ymwanhâu o'i gariadoldeb at bôb daioni.*

11. *Tri thyſt Dwyfolder, Gomedd hunander; ymddwyn haelionus; a channerth pob daioni.*

12. *Tri Moethineb Criſton; Darpar Duw; a ellir gan a fô cyfiawn i bawb; ag a allo cariad at bawb er harfer.*

13. *Tri Dyn a ſafant yn hawl a braint Brodyr a chwiorydd; Ymddifad; Gweddw; ag Alltud.*

Paul's Triades.

1. There are three ſorts of Men: the Man o God, who renders good for evil; the Man of Man who renders good for good, and evil for evil; and the Man of the Devil, who renders evil for good.

2. Thre

2. Three ſorts of people are the delight of GOD: he Meek; the Lovers of Peace; and the Lovers of Mercy.

3. There are three marks of the Children of GOD: humble demeanour; a pure Conſcience; and the ſuffering of injuries patiently.

4. The three principal things required by GOD: Love; Juſtice; and Humility.

5. In three places will be found the moſt of GOD: where he is moſtly ſought; where moſtly loved; and where there is the leaſt of ſelf.

6. There are three ſorts of lies: verbal lies; the lies of ſilence; and the lies of falſe appearances; each inducing us to believe what we ſhould not.

7. Three things ſhall a man obtain by a belief in GOD: what is neceſſary in this life; a peaceable Conſcience; and Communion with Heaven.

8. The three advices given by LAZARUS are: "believe in GOD, who made thee! love GOD, who redeemed thee! and fear GOD, who will judge thee!"

9. Three ways a Chriſtian puniſhes an enemy: by forgiving him; by not divulging his wickedneſs; and by doing him all the good that is poſſible.

10. The three great concerns of a Chriſtian: leſt he ſhould offend GOD; leſt he ſhould be a ſtumbling block to Man; and leſt his love towards all that is good ſhould fail.

11. The

11. The three evidences of holineſs: ſelf-denial; a liberal diſpoſition; and the encouragement of all that is good.

12. The three dainties of Chriſtian feſtivity: what God has prepared; what can be obtained conſiſtent with juſtice to all; and what love to all can venture to uſe.

13. Three perſons have the claims and privileges of Brothers and Siſters: the Orphan; the Widow; and the Alien.

Theſe were the doctrines inculcated by the Welſh Bards in thoſe dark ages when *Rome* preached up what was very different.

Trïoedd Cerdd.

1. *Tri phrif anhepcor Awen*; *Llygad yn gweled Anian*; *Calon yn teimlo Anian*; *a glewder a faidd cydfyned ag Anian.*

2. *Tair Diben Prydyddiaeth*; *Cynnydd daioni*; *Cynnydd dyall*; *a chynnydd diddanwch.*

3. *Tair cynneddf myfyrdod cyfiawn*; *a ddichon fôd*; *a ddylai fôd*; *ag y ſy' hardd ei fôd.*

4. *Tri anhepcor Iaith Cerdd*; *purdeb*; *amledd*; *ag hyweddiant.*

5. *Tri*

5. *Tri pheth a ddylit eu dyall yn iawn ar Gerdd; y y Mawr; y Bâch; a'r Cyfymgyd.*

6. *Tri gochel Cerdd; Diſtadl; Tywyll; a Gormodd.*

7. *Tri phen yſtyr dyfalu; a welir yn Amlwg; a ſerchir yn hyfrys; ag a fô brifnod teithi.*

8. *Tri Ardderchogion Cerdd; Gwir a rhyfedd yn un; hardd a doeth ym un; a Gorcheſt ag anian yn un.*

9. *Tri buddioldeb Cerdd; Mawl y daionus; Côf am hynod; ag arialu ſerch.*

10. *Tri phurdeb Cerdd; Gwirionedd pûr; Iaith bûr; ag ymddwyn púr.*

11. *Tri thrwyogaeth Cerdd; trylen; trynwyf; a thrynaws.*

Poetic Triades, *or*
Triades of Song.

1. The three primary requiſites of poetical Genius: an eye that can ſee Nature; a heart that can feel Nature; and a reſolution that dares follow Nature.

2. The three final intentions of Poetry: accumulation of Goodneſs; enlargement of the Underſtanding; and what increaſes Delight.

4. The

3. The three properties of juſt imagination: what is poſſible; what ought to be; and what is decorous.

4. The three indiſpenſabilities of the language of Poetry: Purity; Copiouſneſs; and Propriety.

5. Three things ſhould be well underſtood in Poetry: the Great; the Little; and their Connecnectives.

6. Three things muſt be avoided in Poetry: the Frivolous; the Obſcure; and the Superfluous.

7. The three principle conſiderations of Poetical deſcription: what is obvious; what inſtantly engages the affections; and what is ſtrikingly characteriſtic.

8. The three Dignities of Poetry: the True and the Wonderful united; Beauty and Sapience united; and the Union of Art and Nature.

9. The three Utilities of Poetry; the praiſe of Virtue and Goodneſs; the Memory of Things remarkable; and to invigorate the Affections.

10. The three indiſpenſable Purities of Poetry: Pure Truth; Pure Language; and Purity of Manners.

11. Three things thoroughly ſhould all poetry be: thoroughly erudite; thoroughly animated; and thoroughly natural.

FINIS.

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